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HIGH TIMES

OCTOBER 1984

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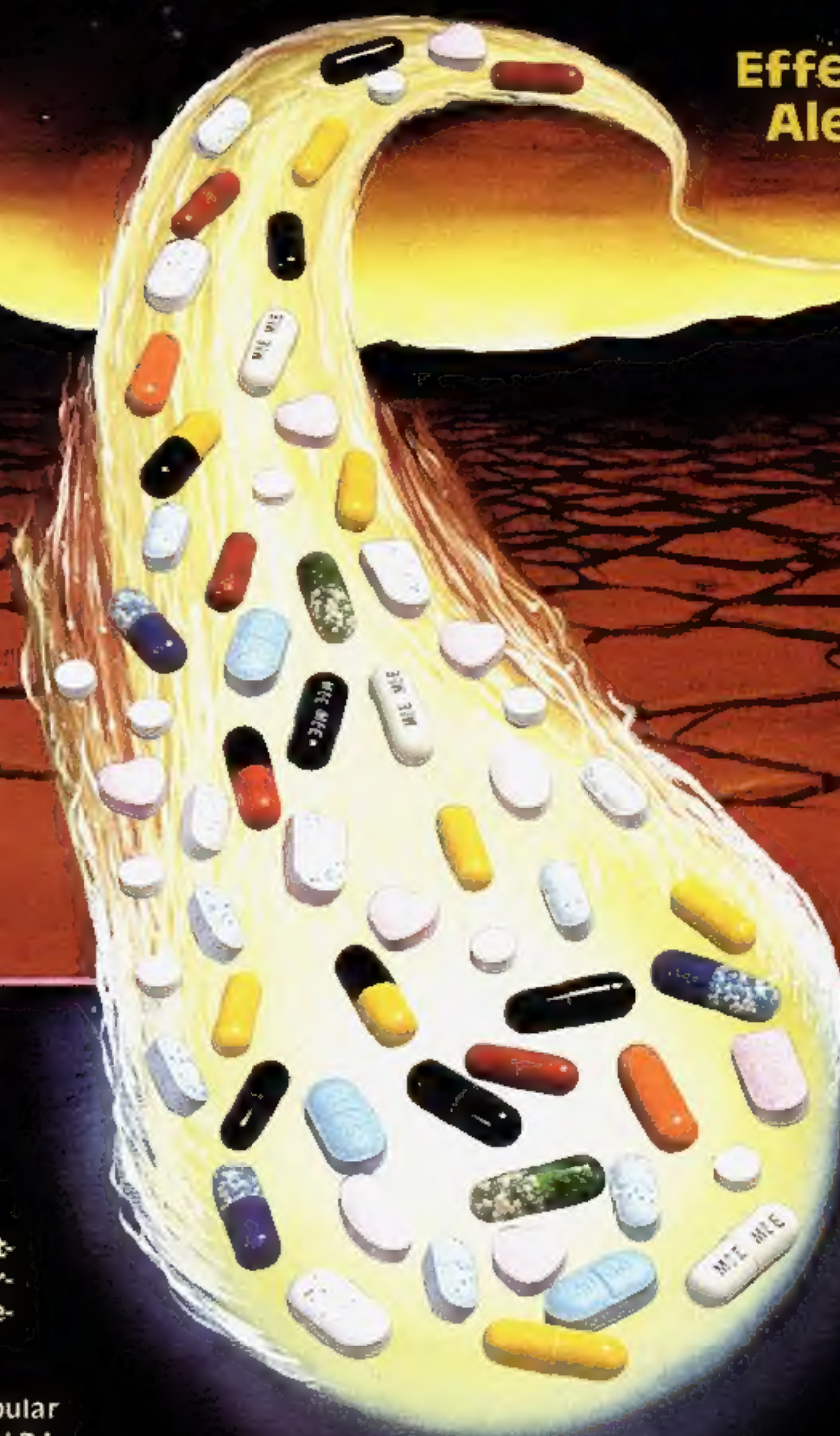
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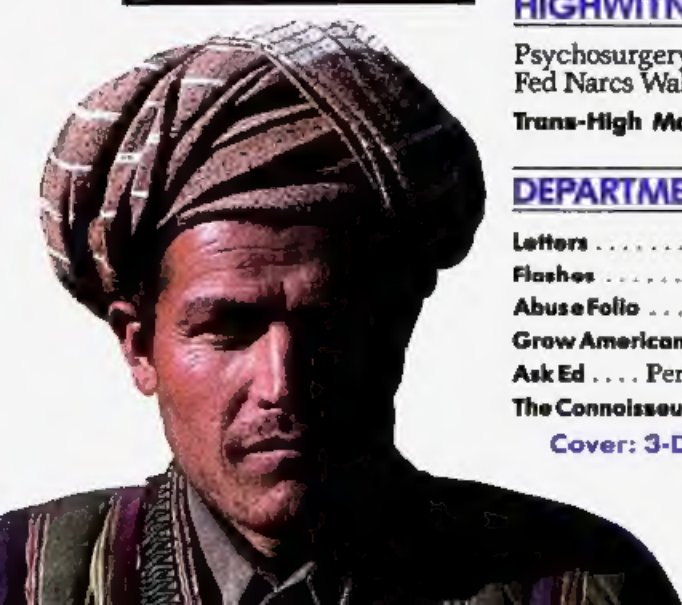
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HIGH TIMES

No. 110

October '84

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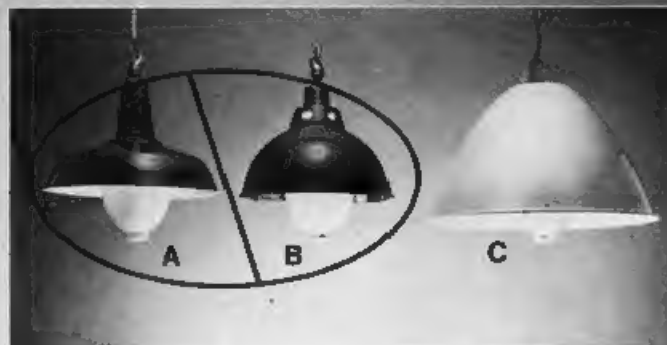
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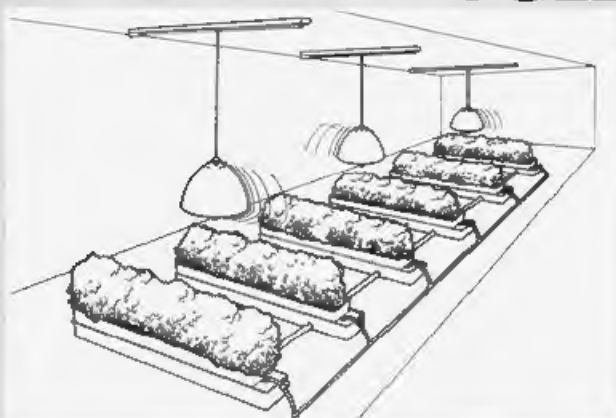
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A Message for Youth

Editor:

After reading a letter in your June issue entitled "Youth Take Heed," I felt the need to express an opinion on the article, with agreement. In that being a former drug abuser and alcohol abuser, I am presently incarcerated at the Kentucky State Reformatory. However, it is not for anything dealing directly with drugs, only that I was on chemicals when the crime occurred; this is mainly because of the abuse of both mind-altering chemicals. Your magazine used to be one of the main choices on my reading list; however, I have presently changed from reading *HIGH TIMES* to the Bible. Your magazine not only promotes drugs but also certain forms of sexual abuse, by ads such as "A Touch of Class" for elegant phone sex. Things like this are only throwing our future into a worse mess than it is presently in. After all, who do you think is going to run this country? I'll answer the question for you: our youth of today, and with the garbage some of the publications of the world are promoting, our country could be in big trouble. After all, if we don't protect our youth, no one will.

If nothing else happens, I will get the satisfaction of knowing I expressed my opinion. Using your words, I never before tried "absolute, teetotal sobriety," either. However, I find it is rather nice, and life is a lot more enjoyable. Drugs and alcohol are not the things we should be promoting for our youth. I am twenty-three years of age and have used drugs and alcohol since age fourteen, so I do have a little experience to back up what I say. Hopefully you might consider printing this, but if not, as mentioned before, at least I will get the satisfaction of knowing I expressed my stand. If you were to print this letter, would you send a statement mentioning this fact, so I may obtain this issue, since I no longer read your magazine?

—Deeply concerned,

John W. Hardin

Listen, Hardin, we will not only run your letter, but will also send you an advance tearsheet of the Letters page just as soon as we have it laid



out and pasted it down. And so then you can take this copy of your letter to your trustee or warden or parole officer or whomever, and tell him, "Look! See what I got HIGH TIMES magazine to publish!" And they ought rightfully to let you go at the very earliest possible opportunity, for demonstrating such moral uprightness and Christian integrity, and getting it published coast to coast like this.

HIGH TIMES invites similar letters from all prisoners and parolees who have Seen the Light, and feel they have important Truths to communicate to Youth. Anything we can do to help a person out of the joint, we're eager to do it—short of donating lawyer money, anyhow.—Ed.

Repression Breeds Uptightness

Editor:

I usually have no bone to pick with growers of our unique weed. In fact, I consider the manpower and incredible monies that are pumped into state efforts to stop such activities to be primarily aimed at getting maximum publicity to justify large staff and budgets and egos.

On the other hand, I consider the murder of people—not all of whom are more than accidental trespassers—and the ripping off of the fruits of other people's labor worthy of legal action lest the rule of an eye for an eye prevail.

This week we have had two examples of what I consider to be worthy of police action.

On the big Island of Hawaii the

police raided what was apparently a farm belonging to a large *hui*, syndicate. They encountered "Vietnam-type" traps surrounding the farm as well as trip-wire mechanisms which would fire shotgun shells at whoever would happen by, including hikers. Believe it or not, there really are people who consider hiking a great sport and pastime—some of whom are innocent tourists of the foolish opinion that the wonders of Hawaii are to be shared.

The second problem occurred Saturday, June 9, 1984, when a commercial pilot for one of the airlines had a rare free day and took his plane out to Dillingham airport. He was fired upon with a shotgun while he flew well over and to the side of a group of buildings wherein about ten men were having a *hui*. The man who fired the shotgun was apparently an ex-con (local variety) who ran out on the *lanai* and immediately fired. Luckily, the pilot was downwind and heard as well as saw the shot and pulled further out of range. The local police went to the house where another person took the responsibility for the shooting since the actual person, being a convicted felon in possession of a firearm, would be on his way to Oahu Prison again. No one was arrested (apparently someone knew the right people), but the case has been referred to the CID for further investigations. It is ironic that the person who fired the gun was doing so to protect his grass farm in the hills behind the houses and as a result of his foolishness the *hui* now has to pull up the plants or risk getting them pulled for them as a direct result of his actions.

The area where this occurred is in line with flights coming out of a nearby military base with a lot of helicopters, and has much private traffic including tours and gliders for tourists. It is also an area heavily populated with grass plants in the canyons as well as in the cane fields below the mountains. I'm sure the other farmers will appreciate the unnecessary attention

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LETTERS



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brought to their activities.*

As I have said, I normally have no ill feelings toward the growers, but when their activities risk the loss of innocent people's lives, I not only hope they lose their plants but will assist in any way possible.

I can not bemoan the negative tactics of the police and State Food and Drug Agency and ignore the really criminal activity of the local animals.

—David Diello
Honolulu, Hawaii

It's too bad there's no way to impose licenses on the people who grow marijuana. That way, if they took to shooting and booby-trapping bystanders, it'd be infinitely easier for police agencies to collar them and take them to jail for it. The curious thing is how it's always the police agencies who are loudest in opposition to any proposals to impose sensible regulations on the marijuana industry. Try and figure it out.—Ed.

"R" and Sativa and Indica Again

Editor:

Okay, "R," you fought the good fight, and you win. Even as one of your main detractors (through several indignant letters), I must admit that you were right all along, and we all knew it! But, I mean really, to go off so heavily on the subject of indica vs. sativa that you cancel the domestic pot awards, call for a ban on all indica, rant on and on, and finally quit smoking altogether, only to finally (June '84 HIGH TIMES) leave it all back up to us consumers, is a bit much. I think we all might have benefited more from detailed Connoisseur's reports than from your temper tantrums.

If, when I started smoking cannabis so long ago, I had only indica to choose from, at these prices, I might not be such a confirmed advocate now. I've agreed with you all along, that tripping to smoke is much preferable to being mesmerized, in most settings. But there are many times when I don't need the ozone, when I'm too keyed-up from my job for a cerebral stone. I mean, I like to trip, but I love a good nonalcoholic downer.

Being organic, cannabis prod-

ucts can range in quality from that of a cheap wino's sauce to a Napoleon brandy. Every single plant I have grown has been different, even from the same seed batches. Why on earth, with all of that delicious variety out there, should anyone get hung up, either for or against, any one thing? Nowhere in any of your diatribes against indica have you suggested that growers attempt (as The Home-growers of Connecticut are doing) to breed "Indisat," indica/sativa varieties that combine the consumer's desire of perfect, colorful, pungent colas with the producer's desire of larger yields and earlier maturation, and with the connoisseur's desire for the psychedelic ozone, with a nice, relaxing undertone. Well, no pure sativa incorporates all of those desires, nor any pure indica.

So, "R," what we need are more specifics, not tantrums. Hold that Harvest Awards, two if you can. Complain if you must, and even if none of the domestics equal your "Thriller from Manure" [sic], pick the one(s) that are heading in the right direction. Be the proverbial squealing wheel: we damn sure will try to give you your grease!
—Prof. T.H. Custer
Simsbury, Conn.

As our readers are aware, "R" has begun smoking again (albeit rather selectively), and in our last issue he did indeed conduct the Sixth Annual Herbies Awards, conferring honors in both the foreign and domestic categories.—Ed.

Acker Attack

Editor:

Just finished reading Kathy Acker's "Tangier" in your June issue and I've got to ask—why in the world would you print that garbage? If she wasn't a woman and didn't have a mohawk, nobody would publish her.
—The Raven
Bronx, N.Y.

Being Stupid

Editor:

Your excerpts ["Being High," HIGH TIMES, July and Aug. '84] from Dr. Norman Zinberg's book, *Drug, Set, and Setting...*, were

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CO₂ and Plants: The Effects Are Measurable

The much-debated notion that carbon dioxide enhances plant growth has been given a considerable boost by U.S. Department of Agriculture researchers—in an evident attempt, ironically, to reconcile other scientists to the global “hot-house effect.”

Writing in the 22 April 1983 issue of *Science* magazine, USDA's Hugo Rogers explains how CO₂ generators were seen to promote a notable

enhancement in the growth of four experimental plant species at North Carolina University's botany project in Raleigh. Not only was physical size increased in stands of corn, soybean, loblolly pine and sweetgum, but the plants turned out to use water with an efficiency directly related to how much extra CO₂ they received.

The plants were grown in open fields in open fields provided with CO₂-generating chambers, about seven feet high. “Each chamber, essentially an open-ended cylindrical baffle, was constructed of a structural aluminum frame covered by Roll-a-Glass, a clear film of polyvinyl chloride. The bottom half of each chamber cover was double-walled, with the inside wall being perforated to distribute air uniformly into the chamber. A plenum box equipped with a 0.75-horsepower fan and a particulate filter supplied air... Pure CO₂ from a liquid receiver... was metered day and night through a high-pressure manifold into the ventilation air-stream,” until background CO₂ atmospheric concentrations of up to 900 parts per million were achieved and maintained. While such an apparatus might be awkwardly large and noisy for many backwoods marijuana growers, modifications of it might turn out to be quite helpful, especially for greenhouse gardeners.

It might be noted that the soy-

beans were fed a nitrogen-free nutrient solution “to prevent inhibition of nodulation and nitrogen fixation.”

After three months the CO₂-treated plants were compared with identical plants grown in regular atmospheres, and were found to be doing exceedingly well by comparison. Enhanced growth and “increased biomass” were noted in all plants; the heavier yield of the corn and soybeans was particularly striking. Of special interest to pot farmers, “increased leaf area and increased water-use efficiency” went hand-in-hand with increased CO₂. The corn, particularly, might have been expected to wilt somewhat in the sun because of its increased leaf-surface area; but since it was using water more efficiently, wilting didn't occur.

And as an item of *unique* interest

to marijuana gardeners, treatment with carbon dioxide appeared to have no effect at all on seed quality or quantity. Although CO₂ directly promoted thickness of leaves and flowers, no effect on seeds was observed. Pot farmers, that is, could expect a greater production of salable buds and shake, without a corresponding increase in seed-weight to promote arguments among the customers.

According to the USDA authors, their experiment was undertaken to investigate the long-term effects on plant life of carbon dioxide, which is constantly increasing in the global atmosphere, “chiefly due to increased consumption of fossil fuels.” They concluded mainly that “more studies are needed” in this area. Maybe potgrowers could provide a few such studies.

FLASHES



Photo by Richard Scamlen

Pulling the Strings

• Wayne White, whose creations grace this month's cover, is an artist working in the grand tradition of adult puppeteering. A native of Chattanooga, Tennessee, now living in New York City, Wayne began as a painter, deciding about five years ago to try and revive an art form that's been virtually dead for over 100 years. The response to his shows was so enthusiastic that he took to the road, touring up and down the East Coast. Wayne makes the puppets, writes the scripts, and designs the sets himself. And believe it or not, he's available for parties. If you're interested, write Wayne White, c/o HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

The Beat Will Go On

● Ever stop to think how a nuclear holocaust will affect your record collection? All the time and effort you put in amassing and cataloging the various types of music that reflect each nuance of your personality will be wasted. All those special, wonderful albums will, in the end, come to resemble nothing more than a thick pool of black goo on what was once your living-room rug. Is there any way, you ask, to stave off such a dreadful catastrophe and total bummer? Well, Warner Bros. Records is currently test-marketing a nifty little gewgaw called the Survival Sampler, which will provide for your postconflagration music needs. Each sound ration contains an hour length cassette featuring an assortment of music from bands like King Crimson, Depeche Mode, Aztec Camera, Modern English and more. They're going for \$8.98 and can be secured at your local record store. But you better hurry—supply and time are limited.



Photo by David Perry

Spanning the Globe

Photographer Michael Kienitz aims PLO antiaircraft guns with almost as much *joie de vivre* as he does Nikons. This month the daring photojournalist reports on his recent

trip to the war-torn but faithfully hash-producing country of Afghanistan. Kienitz, whose work has appeared in the *Washington Post*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and on the ABC

and NBC nightly news, has a book in the works based on his peregrinations. He is also one of the few men still alive who saw Idi Amin demonstrate his self-designed "bicycle/ambulance" in Uganda during the summer of 1981.



Wet Spot

*His wife didn't speak after they made love
but wiped the sperm off the roses covering her sheets
with warm water, tissues, & elbow grease
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Hal Sirowitz

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HOW To Make Your VERY OWN TRUE-TO-LIFE RONALD Reagan JACK-O-Lantern This HALLOWEEN:



Trick or Treat or...

● Halloween is here and Election Day is right around the corner. We turned to humorist Pete Wagner for a perspective that combines observations on both American traditions in one trenchant statement. The result, this nifty postcard which, along with other related types of business, is available from the 1985 Brain Trust, P.O. Box 14009, Minneapolis, MN 55414.

The Telltale Signs

"Job behavior and work performance should be the concern of the Supervisor. Expert knowledge about abuse of controlled substances or abused drugs isn't necessary, but the Supervisor should remain alert to changes from the normal work pattern and/or behavior of the employee." So begins a memo currently circulating in one of our readers' workplaces. He wrote to us complaining of this new get-tough policy on the job, expressing the novel idea that, far from trying to dissuade and monitor the use of controlled substances on the job, his employers should be "issuing drugs to construction hands when they hire in." While we're not really sure that's such a great idea, we do agree with him when he says that that set of warning signs (right) issued to his supervisors is sufficiently vague and ambiguous enough to keep everybody uptight and under suspicion.

...the policy on drug abuse... immediate steps, since delayed action can threaten the safety of others and result in the total deterioration of the abuser... listed you will find various "warning signs" that usually appear on the job indicating some consequences of abuse. It is impossible to cite all behavioral and work pattern problems that occur in this process of deterioration. They can appear singly or in combination. They may signify problems other than substance abuse. For example, alcoholism, diabetes, high blood pressure, thyroid disease, psychiatric disorders, emotional problems and certain heart conditions all share some of the same signs. Therefore, it is important to remember that unusual or odd behavior may not be connected in any way with drug or alcohol abuse. The role of the Supervisor is to recognize and document changes without making any moral judgement or taking the position of counselor or diagnostician.

Signs of Deteriorating Job Performance

Physical Signs or Condition

Weariness, exhaustion
Unidness
Yawning excessively
Blank stare
Slurred speech
Sleepiness (nodding)
Unsteady walk
Sunglasses worn at inappropriate times
Physical effort to cover pimples
Changes in appearance after lunch or break

Mood

Appears to be depressed all the time or extremely anxious all the time (irritable)
Suspicious
Complaints about others
Emotional unpredictability (e.g., outbursts, crying)
Mood changes after lunch or break

Actions

Withdrawn or improperly talkative
Spends excessive amount of time on the telephone
Argumentative
Has exaggerated sense of self importance
Displays violent behavior
Avoids talking with Supervisor regarding work issues

Absenteeism

Acceleration of absenteeism and tardiness, especially Mondays, Fridays, before and after holidays
Frequent unreported absences later explained as "emergencies"
Unusually high incidence of colds flu, upset stomach, headaches
Frequent use of unscheduled vacation time
Leaving work less than 10 minutes necessary (e.g., frequent trips to water fountain and bathroom)
Unexplained disappearance from the job with difficulty in locating employee
Requesting to leave work early for various reasons

Accidents

Taking of needless risks
Disregard for safety of others
Higher than average accident rate on and off the job

Work Patterns

Inconsistency in quality of work; high and low periods of productivity
Poor judgement; more mistakes than usual and general carelessness
Lapses in concentration
Difficulty in recalling instructions
Difficulty in remembering own mistakes
Using more time to complete work; missing deadlines
Increased difficulty in handling complex situations

Relationship to Others on the Job

Overreaction to real or imagined criticism
Avoiding and withdrawing from peers
Complaints from co-workers
Borrowing money from fellow employees
Complaints of problems at home, such as separation, divorce and child discipline problems
Persistent job transfer requests

Georgia Power

The HIGH TIMES Bookstore

How To Grow Marijuana Indoors—Under Lights

by M. Stevens
Grow marijuana all year long under lights with the help of this photo-filled book. Simple instructions, from germinating seeds to the proper lighting, help the home grower have a successful crop. HTB/41 \$5.95



Cocaine, the Mystique and the Reality

by Joel L. Phillips and Ronald D. Wynne, Ph.D.
The most comprehensive book ever published on every aspect of cocaine, including the results of over 100 interviews with users, dealers, smugglers and law enforcement officials. HTB/20 \$3.95

Cannabis Alchemy: The Art of Modern Hashmaking—Deluxe Edition

by David Hoyle
Turn that moldy old bag of ditchweed into some hi-est hashish by simply following the method outlined in this book. Written specifically for the layman, with diagrams. HTB/13 \$5.95

Book of the Month The Sinsemilla Technique

by Kaya
Written for the curious as well as the experienced, this technique tells how fewer plants in smaller pots can yield more cannabis of higher quality. The book includes photographs and illustrations. HTB/30 \$12.95

The Mushroom Cultivator

by Paul Stamets and Jeff Chilton
For amateurs and professionals alike, a practical guide to growing mushrooms at home. Excellent illustrations, and how to obtain the needed equipment and supplies. Step by step directions for every procedure for growing the mushrooms of your choice. 415 pgs. HTB/37 \$19.95



Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana

by Bill Drake
The most up-to-date information for the outdoor and indoor marijuana cultivator, with over 100 photographs, drawings, charts, maps and a special section on psychoactive tobacco. HTB/25 \$10.95

Licit & Illicit Drugs

by Edward M. Brecher
The Consumers Union Report on narcotics, stimulants, depressants, inhalants, hallucinogens and marijuana—including caffeine, nicotine and alcohol. HTB/44 \$8.95

The Primo Plant

by Mountain Girl
Complete instructions for growing fine organic sinsemilla marijuana, the seedless variety prized by connoisseurs for its exquisite high. HTB/23 \$4.50

Indoor Marijuana Horticulture

by Jorge Cervantes
A simple, yet complete, written and pictorial description of basic gardening techniques used to grow the largest quantity of dynamite marijuana indoors. HTB/42 \$8.95

The Art and Science of Cooking with Cannabis

by Adam Gottlieb
More than just another collection of marijuana recipes, this book teaches the reader the nature of cannabis, how it combines with other foods and how it is best assimilated by the digestive tract. A must for anyone serious about cooking with grass. HTB/14 \$3.95

Pipe Dreams

by Don Raye
An inside look at the pleasures and hazards of freebase cocaine. HTB/19 \$12.00

How to Build a Bigger and Better Hydroponic Garden

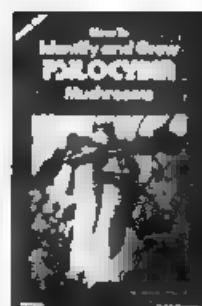
by Ed Sherman
How to make a super-garden that will grow anything, anywhere, from scrap materials. HTB/27 \$4.95

Hydro-Story

by Charles E. Sherman and Hap Brenizer
How to grow the easy way, get big yields from little gardens in your backyard, patio, apartment, etc. HTB/36 \$4.95

How To Identify and Grow Psilocybin Mushrooms

by Jule Stevens and Rich Cree
This book tells how to identify psilocybin as well as how to grow them in your own home. Color photographs make for an easy-to-follow and informative book. HTB/38 \$6.95



Growing for Growth

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Snow Blind

by Robert Sabbag
An all-out, nonstop, mind-jolting journey through the dazzling high-altitude world of an international cocaine smuggler. HTB/18 \$3.50

Mama Coca

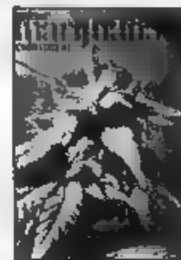
by Antonio
A well-documented presentation of how wholesale dope movers and narcotics officials actively collaborate in the international drug trade. HTB/21 \$8.95

How to Grow Herbs Hydroponically

compiled by Patrick Daniels
All the information you need to grow your favorite plants in a fraction of the time it takes with conventional methods. HTB/45 \$5.95

Indoor Marijuana Cultivation

by Murphy Stevens
Simple directions and accompanying photographs make this book informative and easy to follow. Learn the best methods of growing marijuana indoors with lights. HTB/40 \$3.95



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10	A	A	A	A	C	C	2C	2C	2C	
12	A	A	A	C	C	C	2C	2C	3C	
14	A	A	A	C	C	C	2C	2C	3C	
16	2A	2A	A	2C	2C	DS	DS	2C	2C	
22	2A	2A	2A	2C	2C	DS	DL	DL	DL	
28	3A	3A	2C	2C	2C	2C	2C	DL	DL	
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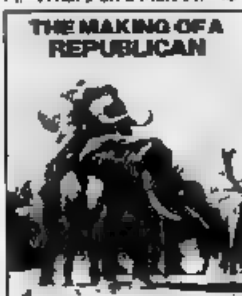
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/ continued from page 8

two of the most informative articles you've ever run. To intelligently question users of drugs who haven't become abusers, to learn how they've gone about maintaining their perspective on drugs, and to seek out the social conditions that are operative in this procedure, is a methodology that could probably be used with truly illuminating results by our government in getting a handle on the country's drug problem. So what do they do? They blacklist Zinberg from their meetings [Highwitness News, June '84]. What's wrong with those turkeys?!

—Dave Saxe

Address withheld

Room to Write

Editor:

I like reading Bukowski (though sometimes you guys let him coast), and I'd really like to see him given the room to open up a little. Shaggy-dog stories and one-joke columns are okay, but remember, the dude is a genuine—gulp—artist, and can write like a charm when given the space. So what about it?

—Art Stewart

Address withheld

You're in luck, pal. This month Bukowski checks in with a 7,500-word beauty.—Ed.

Film Buff Rebuffed

Editor:

Who Tarkovsky? Rainer Werner what? And isn't Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai de Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles a bit long for a movie title?

Your mag is offbeat, but let's face it, for film reviews I'd come to believe that your editor was not only offbeat, but offbrain as well (not to mention the occasional thought that he sometimes made up some names).

Okay, so now I must apologize to Michael Wilmington: It so happened I fell in love with a guy who was a foreign-film buff, and in the nature of the female, I accompanied him to his Renoirs, his Bunuels, his Kurosawas. Well, the love for the guy ended but the love for foreign films just began—so many new worlds to look at

equaling so many new insights into human beings. Thanks.

—D. Dorkelle

Shohola, Pa.

Tall Tale

Editor:

Howdy from the heartland. I just had to write you and share the experience of a lifetime. Last week I picked up a man on the road, his name was Jack and he turned me on to something he called "Beanstalk Jumbo Buds." To make a long story short, he gave me five seeds from this "Smoke of the Gods," as he called it. I planted one of the seeds outside my house next to my bedroom window. That morning at 4 A.M. I woke up to the sound of breaking glass. By 6 A.M. the plant stood fifty feet tall with colas the size of the four-door Japanese imports. It took a chain saw to get the thing down. When it dried I had tons of dried bud, the bad news—no seeds. Jack said, "It grows fast, smokes smooth, but the giant holds all the seeds."

—Rasta

Whereabouts unknown

Uh-huh.—Ed.

Still Tripping After All These Years

Editor:

Maybe you can help me. Fifteen years ago I did some acid and I'm still not positively, one hundred percent sure whether I've come down. It hasn't been a necessarily bad trip, mind you—though parts of it can get pretty weird. I keep hallucinating Ronald Reagan as the president, for instance. What I'd like to know is this: Is there a test I can take to tell me if my body is still tripping, and just who is the president these days, anyway?

—Sam the Sham

Address withheld

We're sorry, Sam, there is no test to determine the existence of LSD in your system. We know this next bit of information is going to cut both ways, but Ronald Reagan is the president of the United States, has been for the past four years, and will probably remain in that capacity till 1988.—Ed.

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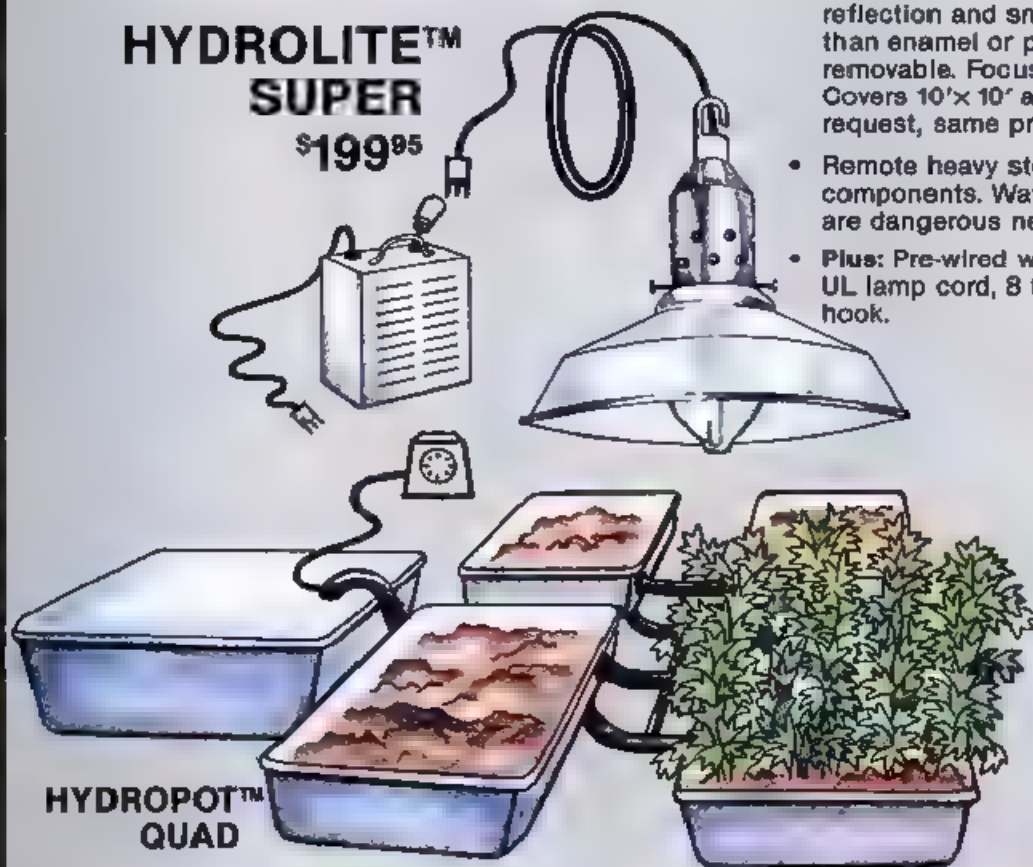
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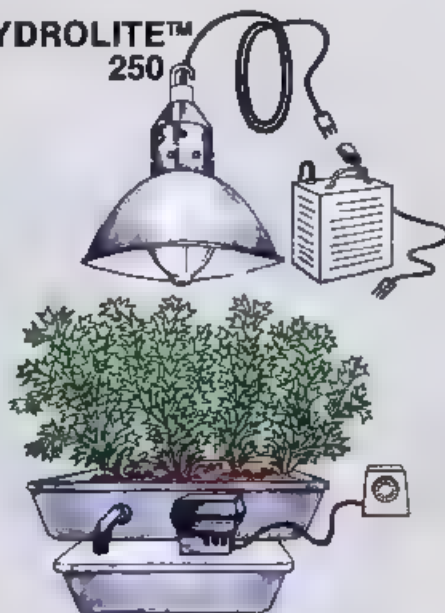
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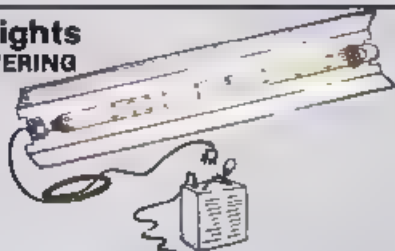
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OCTOBER '84

NO. 110

PSYCHOSURGERY DUE FOR KIDS ON COCAINE?

by Claire Winston-Levy

W A S H I N G T O N, D. C.

"IT MUST TURN THEM INTO VEGETABLES," SAYS AN internationally recognized neurologist about the new brain-surgery procedure used to extinguish cocaine-taking behavior in young South American "drug-therapy" patients. Yet the procedure is being considered for adoption in the United States by the National Institute on Drug Abuse's national advisory council.

Georgia professor Thomas J. "Buddy" Gleaton, chairman of a "concerned parents group" called the Parents Resource Institute for Drug Education, promoted a notable stir among the NIDA advisory board in May when he reopened the issue of compulsory brain surgery for persons dependent on drugs—specifically, young people strung out on cocaine. In the 1950s and '60s, enthusiastic neurosurgeons succeeded in profoundly disgracing their profession by committing wholesale brain surgery upon thousands of patients diagnosed with miscellaneous "compulsive disorders," ranging from drug addiction to bed-wetting to what was called "nymphomania." As a result,

for nearly the last 20 years surgical procedures such as lobotomies have been largely restricted to chronic schizophrenic patients in mental hospitals, and have been carried out with as little press publicity as possible. The installment of Professor Gleaton on the NIDA national advisory board, however, and his unabashed talk

about brain surgery for cocaine casualties, provides a reminder that there are still many influential persons who look on forcible brain surgery as a perfectly legitimate means of curbing socially unacceptable behavior.

In fact—as Gleaton pointed out to the other NIDA advisers—surgeons in Peru, working at the behest of police authorities, have recently performed 30 brain operations on young people "addicted" to coca-paste *basuco* cigarettes. "Fifteen have been successful," Gleaton noted, citing a report by Peruvian drug-treatment chief Dr. Raul Jeri—although "the others have returned to cocaine."

This 50 percent "cure rate" of Dr. Jeri's is actually conspicuously higher than that of most North



CINGULOTOMY: Latest fillip in "education and prevention."

Wide World

American drug-treatment modalities, such as methadone maintenance or therapeutic community abstinence, which rarely record even a 10 percent success rate. The particular surgical procedure inflicted by Dr. Jeri in Peru, "bilateral cingulotomy," is regarded as much more benign than old-style prefrontal lobotomies, which typically destroy a great deal of brain tissue and leave the patient physically impaired in a variety of ways. Cingulotomies are said by experts merely to leave patients in a permanent state of "flattened affect"—a general disinterestedness in events within or outside themselves, and a disinclination to engage in compulsive behaviors such as drug-seeking. If the procedure were to be routinely adopted in America, it might cut down by half the incidence of visible drug disorders and mischief among the unfortunate young people who are the subject of so much sincere, anguished concern by the parents of Professor Gleaton's PRIDE coalition.

Real Scientific Underpinnings

If Gleaton's raising of this controversial brain-surgery topic had been coolly calculated to promote consternation and polarization among the established medical professionals at NIDA, he could not possibly have picked a more appropriate NIDA session in which to launch it. NIDA administrator Dr. William Pollin had chosen that session to discuss the ongoing NIDA-funded research of Dr. Roy Wise of Quebec, a distinguished young Concordia University neurosurgeon whose experiments with rats have been prompting a good deal of discussion in academic circles.

As reported in *Science* magazine last winter, Wise's project at Concordia involves fitting lab rats with micro-hypodermics which can administer precisely measured doses of drugs to precisely delimited parts of the rats' brains. Dr. Wise targets various "reinforcement" areas of the brain, regions known to be associated with subjective feelings of reward, appeasement, physical pleasure and so on, when stimulated by body hormones or drugs.

By allowing the rats themselves to trigger doses of amphetamine or cocaine into a region called the "nucleus accumbens" (NA), Dr. Pollin told the NIDA advisers, Wise had discovered that they'll self-administer it continuously, without eating or sleeping, until their physical systems become so depleted from starvation and fatigue that they die from viral infections—usually within three weeks. This is interpreted to signify that stimulant drugs exert their prime "reinforcing" effects by working in the NA region in both rats and humans.

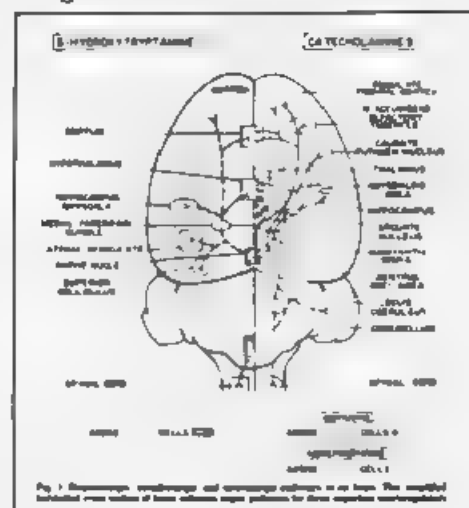
Morphine, Pollin reported, has been shown by Wise to primarily affect two brain areas: the "ventral tegmental" (VT) area in the midbrain, and the "periaqueductal gray" (PG) area in the basebrain, at the top of the spinal cord. When rats are allowed to

self-administer morphine in the VT, they typically keep dosing themselves regularly for weeks or months, signifying that morphine exerts its reinforcing effects in the VT area; since the drug doesn't keep them from sleeping or eating, they can keep on doing



WIRED RAT: This critter will work himself to death for ups, but not for downs.

this for whole rat lifetimes. The most interesting finding of Wise's, reported by Pollin, was that when these rats are taken off morphine, even after prolonged periods of self-dosing in the VT area, they show no "dependence" signs: no withdrawals, simply enough. However, rats who were given morphine strictly in the basebrain PG area showed withdrawals after as little as 72 hours of continuous administration—even though the rats themselves wouldn't self-



RAT WIRING: Not much like yours or mine, but some of the circuitry is similar.

administer the drug to that brain area, since they obviously perceived no reinforcing feelings of pleasure or reward from morphine restricted to the PG.

Since morphine is the active element in heroin—and even though rats' brains aren't really very similar to human brains—Pollin

felt entitled to extrapolate Wise's lab findings as relevant to human users of street drugs. And the interpretation of this work which he favored went to the effect that Wise has proven that heroin and cocaine are, at bottom, the same thing. Since the NA area which cocaine excites, and the VT area which morphine excites, both share the same long dopamine-transmitting nerve cells, therefore the subjective feelings of reinforcement—"reward" or "pleasure" or whatever—are basically the same with either drug, Pollin concluded. "While cocaine and heroin act at many different areas of the brain, they do have one shared target of action. Both cocaine and heroin activate the same circuit of the brain that is responsible for producing the pleasurable sensation of 'reward.'"

Science Biggies Bump Brains

Dr. Pollin's presentation of Dr. Wise's basic rat research, and his rather ambitious interpretations of it, provided an absolutely ideal launching-pad for Professor Gleaton to skyrocket into the realms of corrective psychosurgery. The minute Pollin completed his discussion of Wise's explorations of this neural "reward circuit," Gleaton invited the astonished NIDA panelists to seriously debate whether or not Dr. Jeri's Peruvian cingulotomies had not straightened out the haywire reward circuits of his 30 young patients. Jeri's operations had been, for quite some time, the subject of much morbid discussion around NIDA circles, but hardly anyone, before Gleaton, had been candid enough to serve them up for public digestion.

Dr. Avram Goldstein of Stanford University's Addiction Research Center—who has never been known for advocating any sort of ultracompassionate treatment for drug addicts over his long career—reacted with something like exasperation, or contempt, at Gleaton's suggestion. "I think in your enthusiasm," he said acidly, "you may be inclined to interpret beyond what the scientific community as a whole would interpret on some of these projects." To leap straight from a discussion of doped-out lab rats to lods on cocaine getting brain surgery was a little unsettling, Goldstein indicated: "The idea that there is an operation that has in fact 'cured' anybody of addiction is a very dangerous thing to be throwing out as a 'fact,'" he emphasized.

"The scientific community," reproved layman Gleaton, "should not underrate the ability of the general public to try to understand the research and the possibilities of that research." Everyone at NIDA was perfectly aware of what Jeri had been doing down in Peru, and talking about it; now, he was suggesting, maybe the general public ought to hear about it: "We owe the public at least a verbal account of this... Let's trust the public a little more than we have in the past."

Dr. Pollin, a committed supporter of the

politically influential "parents power" phalange represented by Gleaton's organization, conceded that Jeri's cingulotomies had already been approvingly reported at several meetings of PRIDE and the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth.



DR. CARLTON TURNER (right), White House dope czar, is helping Gleaton plug cingulotomies for coke freaks.

At the national PRIDE conference in Atlanta last May, Pollin recollected, "We were told that Peru neurosurgeons had been trying to use a version of the old lobotomy as the final approach of desperation in trying to treat young people in Peru who had gotten severely and hopelessly addicted to coca paste; and that when all else failed, this had been attempted." In fact, Jeri's court-ordered cingulotomies—all performed on young men between 18 and 26—had been a prime feature of a slide-show lecture presented for the PRIDE parents by international antidrug celebrity Jean-Michel Cousteau. And in the fall of 1983, at a convention of the National Federation of Parents, White House drug adviser Carlton Turner had described Dr. Jeri's endeavors to quell youthful coca-paste indulgence with permanent surgical intervention.

Dr. Sidney Cohen of the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute, who lectures and writes professionally for the federally-subsidized parents-power phalange, allowed that Dr. Jeri's project was worthy of further NIDA consideration. "I see the (NIDA) council as the cutting edge," he delicately explained, "for new ideas and concepts. I think we are all impressed that some neurosurgeon in South America has such a hopeless view of dealing with cocaine dependence," Dr. Cohen said.

Goldstein—who subsequently turned down several invitations from HIGH TIMES to discuss this incident—spoke of "crazy things going on out there" in the world of applied drug-therapy theory. NIDA should not, he urged, debate "every kooky idea that somebody brings in here as a solid finding of scientific fact."

"I agree with you in principle," Dr. Pollin oracularly told Dr. Goldstein, "but I disagree with you in specifics."

Professor Gleaton portrayed Dr. Jeri as a thoughtful medical practitioner driven to distraction by the nightmare of youthful drug abuse, quoting Jeri's Peruvian colleague, Dr. Nils Noya: "Children go into the jungle to smoke [marijuana, coca paste, tobacco, etc.] and some never come back."

basucos that they'd signed them over to Dr. Jeri, chief of all the Peruvian "treatment" services. Later that year, during their ecological investigation of the Amazon watershed, a film crew from Jacques Cousteau's outfit managed to get at least one of the operations on videotape, a copy of which reportedly wound up at the 1983 convention of the National Federation of Parents in Washington, in the possession of Dr. Gabriel Nahas

*The surgery is painless.
Unfortunately, the patient has to be fully alert
and unsedated...*

You know they are dying because you can see the vultures flying in and out." Dr. Noya can, anyhow.

In Living Color

The bilateral cingulotomies of Dr. Raul Jeri promoted a rather lively stir in drug-abuse circles when they were first unofficially disclosed last year. In 1982, at a convention of the American Council on Drug Education at UCLA, Dr. Jeri startled many of the concerned parents present with a colorful speech on cocaine, brain-wiring and surgery. Then in 1983, while he was in the midst of committing his 30 brain operations, HIGH TIMES was reliably advised that the patients were mainly the sons of prominent Peruvian government and military figures, so profoundly ashamed when their kids took to smoking

of Columbia University, the famous anti-drug anesthesiologist.

Persons who have viewed parts of these Cousteau videotapes, and seen the slide show presented by Jean-Michel at the PRIDE party last May, have typically most vividly recalled the amount of visible blood involved. Jeri's surgeon, a Dr. Hinojosa, conducts the operation without the benefit of such state-of-the-art conveniences as an electronically sensitive skull harness which is ordinarily used in North America, when such operations are conducted on mental patients. Apparently, to avoid mutilating the frontal lobes, Hinojosa enters the skull through the very top of the head, locates the cingulate gyrus area of the limbic system (quite near the nucleus accumbens), and severs the dopamine-carrying neurons which enter and leave the cingulate at either end.

This is considered to be leaps and bounds beyond the gross lobotomy operations of bygone days. "It is a cutting operation, not a removal," Dr. Cohen clarified for HIGH TIMES in an interview after the NIDA advisory-board meeting. It is also reportedly painless (a topical anesthetic, such as cocaine, being used to anesthetize the scalp), although the patient apparently has to remain conscious and unsedated throughout, so as to aid the surgeon in his delicate explorations. And the only long-term aftereffect of a successful bilateral cingulotomy—albeit permanent and irreversible—is a state of overall flattened affect.

Does it serve, though, to abolish in cocaine users the desire to use cocaine? "Sure they get flattened affect," an extraordinarily reliable source reported to HIGH TIMES, when describing Jeri's activities to us nearly a year ago, "but they sure won't turn down a bazooka when it's offered, they just won't go out and work for one—bar-press for it, as it were—because they just don't care much whether they feel good or bad. So even by Gabe Nahas' criteria, there's a big question whether it works or not."

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DR. WILLIAM POLLIN, top brain at NIDA, points to the future

A PROLONGED PATTERN OF deception, cover-ups and intimidation by top-ranking brass at Brooks Air Force Base here has kept thousands of service personnel from learning the truth about the military's appalling drug urinalysis programs, a military judge ruled early this summer.

The Aerospace Medicine laboratory at Brooks AFB tests all the urine specimens gathered from air force personnel in the continental United States, plus all the samples from army personnel at six major army bases in the South and Southwest. Over the three years the testing program has been operating, thousands of personnel in both branches have been disciplined, fined, severed from the service and denied reenlistment after their samples were found "positive" for "drug use" at Brooks AFB; some have been jailed (See "Highwitness News," June '84.) Over the last year, however, as an increasing number of air force and army personnel have begun contesting the Brooks procedures in military court, evidence has emerged in every single case that the Brooks lab has been operating by slipshod, inaccurate and appallingly unscientific procedures. Charges have been dropped against every piss-test defendant who has elected to challenge the Brooks results.

The latest disclosures, in a

case involving two Florida air force staff sergeants, resulted in the dismissal of all charges against them when the military judge discovered that top Brooks commanders had suppressed evidence of the piss program's abysmal failures, and had threatened and harassed Brooks lab technicians who had come forward to tell the truth about the program in court.

The two Fort Patrick AFB

trial at Brooks, where relevant lab documents, and testimony from lab technicians, would presumably be easier to come by.

The presiding trial authority, AF Lt. Col. Barton Spillman, did not find it very easy, however. Two of the top Brooks laboratory technicians—assistant lab chief Capt. Edward Brown and his aide, Dr. Joseph Whitson—had told defense lawyers

specimens had been similarly misdiagnosed, or outrightly contaminated, by the Brooks procedures. This "out-of-control file," as Whitson called it, was in the possession of Dr. Louis Blouse, chief of the Brooks lab-services department; so far, three other drug-trial authorities had asked Blouse for that file, and failed to get it, before Lt. Col. Spillman asked for it in early June of this year.

Dr. Blouse declined to turn the file over immediately, declaring later that the volume of piss specs going through the lab that week had occupied all his time and attention. Meanwhile, lab technician Capt. Edward Brown testified before Spillman that he'd seen cases in which the Brooks lab gear had given positive results on samples containing nothing but Vitamin B₁₂, at least one case in which the identification tags were mixed up among an entire 600-sample testing batch, but the results were reported out anyway; and he spoke of numerous false positives in which the machines found cocaine in samples that did not contain it. Lab assistant Julie Bernaiche testified that retest procedures had frequently found positive samples to be negative in reality, and negative samples to be positive. Finally, Dr. Whitson testified about his "out-of-control file" in Blouse's possession.

"Yank Blouse out of wherever he is, anywhere," Spillman angrily ordered the prosecutors after the file was several days overdue, "and have him personally give me the documents." Within two hours Blouse had the file in Spillman's courtroom, and Spillman allowed a delay for the defense lawyers to review it, along with several expert scientists.

Thus false-positive file has catastrophic implications for the entire tri-services' drug-urinalysis program, since it affords the first documented evidence of false-positive results being found by a methodical quality-control program at a service urinalysis laboratory. Previously, military authorities had blamed any apparent false-positive readings on procedural errors made by the lab techs, insisting that the machinery itself must be

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PISS-TEST TECHS LIED FOR YEARS

"In eighteen years as a judge, I never saw anything like this."

S A N A N T O N I O, T E X A S

sergeants, who were charged with "use" of marijuana on the basis of the Brooks machines, refused to accept the machinery's determination, on the grounds that neither of them had, simply enough, smoked marijuana. Since a good number of other service people had recently had drug charges against them dropped because of the lousy Brooks procedures, the air force judiciary decided to hold these men's court-mar-

before the trial that they were prepared to divulge considerable evidence of the lab's procedures. Whitson said he'd kept a file, from February 1983 to June 1984, documenting every single time the Brooks machines had given positive results on quality-control urine samples known to have been negative when submitted to the lab. This had happened over a dozen times in the past year, indicating that possibly thousands of other clean

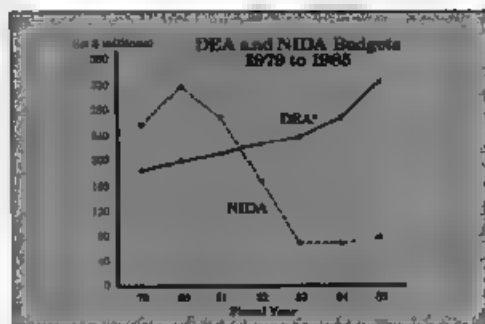
FED NARCS WALLOW IN \$\$\$\$\$\$

W A S H I N G T O N, D. C.

Under the Reagan administration's proposed budget for 1985 the DEA will receive \$324.6 million—\$100 million more than was spent in 1982. Federal drug enforcement will be receiving the largest percentage increase in dollars and personnel of any major agency of the government including the Department of Defense.

Much of the funding will be spent on more personnel. In the three years since 1981, the number of DEA agents has increased from 1,800 to 2,200 and the number of federal prosecutors has increased by 330 people. The 1985 increases will add 2,000 people to the Justice Department—more than double that projected by any other agency.

During this period of rapid law-enforcement increases the budget for the National Institute on Drug Abuse has dropped from \$321.2 million in 1980 to \$79 million in 1985.



* DEA budget does not include expenditures on the regional drug task forces or expenditures on drug enforcement by the FBI, IRS, Customs Service, Coast Guard, DOD and other law-enforcement agencies.

Courtesy of the Leaflet: NORML, 2001 S St. NW, Suite 640, Washington DC 20009.

S.F. DOPE-TEST SERVICE CLOSES

MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA

THE CONFIDENTIAL DRUG-testing service, "Analysis Anonymous," from Pharm-Chem Laboratories of Menlo Park, California, is no longer in operation. The closing of the service leaves only one laboratory (in Florida) with a federal license to accept anonymous drug samples through the mails for the testing of dilutants and contaminants.

PharmChem's Analysis Anonymous system was instituted in 1972, when bathtub chemists and unscrupulous dope dealers in general were fleecing gullible buyers all over the country with pills and powders which contained either no real drugs at all, or drugs cut with chemical shorteners ranging from milk sugar to Borax. In the early '70s there was also much speculation about how easy it would be for kitchen chemists to flood the streets with simply synthesized amphetamine "analogues" like MDA, MDM, MMDA and so on. The directors of PharmChem, then an up-and-coming lab-service complex in the Sil-

con Valley, had the foresight to apply for a federal license to accept anonymous drug submissions in the mail, test them chemically, and relay the results to the submitters.

While the street prevalence of MDA and other speed analogues never did dramatically increase, PharmChem's Analysis Anonymous service did receive copious submissions of plain amphetamine, plus heroin, cocaine, methaqualone ("boot ludes") and a variety of forms of PCP, from snortable powders to injectable liquids, being fobbed off variously as "THC," "Angel Dust," "STP" and soon.

The Paraquat Panic of 1978 was by far the biggest year for Analysis Anonymous. From April of that year until the spring of 1979, hundreds of pot samples were mailed to PharmChem every single week, from people terrified that they might have scored poisoned weed. The volume was so enormous, right from the beginning of the scare, that the PharmChem testers suspended their usual policy of confirming all drug-positive lab results with a gas

chromatography process. Instead, they merely ran each of these thousands of samples through a rudimentary thin-layer chromatography process.

under the terms of their federal license.

The closing of the service last May came after a year of deliberation, according to Pharm-

*The Paraquat Panic
of 1978 was by far
the biggest year
for PharmChem.*

and reported to the press each week during the scare that about one-third of all the pot samples they were getting, from all over the country, showed "positive" for paraquat contamination. Finally, in early 1979, the federal Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, unable to find any paraquat-tainted samples of street grass from any other source, asked PharmChem to send them all their putative positive samples for retesting by gas chromatography with mass spectrometry. When not a single one of PharmChem's hundreds of positives turned out to have really been tainted with paraquat, their Analysis Anonymous service ceased testing for it.

Aside from this parquat glitch, the Analysis Anonymous service provided a fascinating overview of street-drug trends on the West Coast. In their quarterly publication, the *Pharm-Chem Newsletter*, the testers recorded the seasonal trends in dope preference by street consumers, and in the preferences of burn artists for different sorts of dilutants and rip-off substitutes. Sly street dealers were forever sending in samples of coke, asking to know the *percentage* to which it had already been diluted, so that they would know how much more steeply they might step down its true coke content; but the Pharm-Chem testers were forbidden to give out percentages of cuts.

Chem's operations chief, John McLenegan. The number of drug samples being submitted to the service had fallen off drastically by the mid-1980s, with a 25 percent drop in submissions during 1983 alone. McLenegan explains: "The drain on personnel and equipment can no longer be justified for fewer and fewer samples." In addition, most of the samples being submitted consisted merely of cocaine and methaqualone, cut with a limited selection of uninteresting dilutants like sugar, inositol and quinine.

"People are getting more educated about their drug-taking behavior," PharmChem toxicologist Chuck Renfroe speculates, to account for the evident decline in suspicious and toxic contaminants on the West Coast dope market. For example, after PharmChem reported on a rash of exceedingly dangerous boot-lube contaminants last year, through HIGH TIMES and other publications, it actually appeared that the demand for methaqualone went down considerably, with prospective buyers becoming more cautious and suspicious. "You don't see so much of that adolescent sort of drug behavior any more, with people taking just about anything that's offered to them," remarks Renfroe. He notes that PharmChem is still keeping on hand the gear and lab standards to test for all sorts

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Table 1
Number and Ranking of Drug Samples by Year

	Team		Home		Away		Total		Points		Rebounds		Assists		Steals		Blocks		Fouls	
Game	W/L	Score	PTS	REB	PTS	REB	PTS	REB	PTS	REB	PTS	REB	PTS	REB	PTS	REB	PTS	REB	PTS	REB
Game 1	W	105-98	25	12	20	8	35	15	45	20	65	30	15	10	5	3	2	1	15	10
Game 2	L	95-102	22	10	18	10	30	12	40	18	58	25	12	8	4	2	1	12	18	
Game 3	W	110-100	28	15	22	12	40	18	50	22	72	32	18	12	6	4	3	2	20	12
Game 4	L	90-95	20	8	15	7	27	10	37	15	52	20	10	7	3	1	1	10	15	
Game 5	W	108-103	26	14	21	11	37	17	48	21	69	28	16	11	5	3	2	18	14	
Game 6	L	92-97	19	9	16	9	25	11	36	16	51	22	11	9	4	2	1	11	16	
Game 7	W	112-105	30	16	24	13	43	19	53	23	76	33	19	13	7	5	4	3	22	16
Game 8	L	94-101	21	11	19	11	30	13	41	19	60	26	13	10	5	3	2	14	19	
Game 9	W	106-104	27	13	20	14	34	18	48	22	70	30	17	12	6	4	3	20	18	
Game 10	L	91-96	18	7	14	6	24	9	33	14	47	19	9	6	2	1	1	9	14	
Game 11	W	109-107	29	15	23	15	38	20	52	25	77	35	20	14	8	5	4	25	20	
Game 12	L	93-99	20	10	17	10	29	12	41	17	54	23	12	11	4	2	1	13	17	
Game 13	W	111-106	31	17	25	16	41	21	56	26	81	36	21	15	9	6	5	28	22	
Game 14	L	96-103	23	12	20	12	32	14	44	20	62	27	14	12	6	4	3	16	20	
Game 15	W	107-102	26	14	21	14	35	18	49	22	71	29	18	13	7	5	4	21	19	
Game 16	L	94-98	19	9	16	8	26	10	36	16	50	21	10	8	3	2	1	11	16	
Game 17	W	113-108	32	18	26	17	43	22	57	28	80	38	22	16	10	6	5	30	24	
Game 18	L	97-104	24	13	21	13	34	16	46	21	64	29	16	13	7	5	4	18	21	
Game 19	W	110-105	28	16	24	16	40	20	54	24	78	32	20	14	8	6	5	25	22	
Game 20	L	95-100	21	11	18	11	31	13	42	18	55	24	13	11	5	3	2	15	18	
Game 21	W	114-109	33	19	27	18	45	23	59	30	83	40	23	17	11	7	6	32	26	
Game 22	L	98-105	25	14	22	14	36	17	48	23	66	30	17	14	8	6	5	20	23	
Game 23	W	116-111	34	20	28	19	47	24	61	32	86	42	24	18	12	8	7	35	28	
Game 24	L	100-107	26	15	23	15	38	19	51	25	73	33	19	15	9	7	6	22	24	
Game 25	W	118-113	35	21	29	20	49	25	64	34	89	44	25	19	13	9	8	38	30	
Game 26	L	102-109	27	16	24	16	40	21	55	27	77	35	21	16	10	8	7	25	26	
Game 27	W	120-115	36	22	30	21	51	26	70	36	95	46	26	20	14	9	8	40	32	
Game 28	L	104-111	28	17	25	17	42	21	57	28	81	37	21	17	11	9	8	28	28	
Game 29	W	122-117	37	23	31	22	53	27	72	38	97	48	27	21	15	10	9	42	34	
Game 30	L	106-113	29	18	26	18	44	22	60	30	84	39	22	18	12	10	9	30	30	
Game 31	W	124-119	38	24	32	23	55	28	74	40	101	50	28	22	16	11	10	45	36	
Game 32	L	108-115	30	19	27	19	46	23	62	32	86	41	23	19	13	11	10	32	32	
Game 33	W	126-121	39	25	33	24	57	29	76	42	103	52	29	23	17	12	11	48	38	
Game 34	L	110-117	31	20	28	20	48	24	64	34	88	43	24	20	14	12	11	35	34	
Game 35	W	128-123	40	26	34	25	59	30	78	44	105	54	30	24	18	13	12	50	40	
Game 36	L	112-119	32	21	29	21	50	25	66	36	90	45	25	21	15	13	12	38	36	
Game 37	W	130-125	41	27	35	26	61	31	80	46	107	56	31	25	19	14	13	52	42	
Game 38	L	114-121	33	22	30	22	52	26	68	38	92	47	26	22	16	14	13	40	38	
Game 39	W	132-127	42	28	36	27	63	32	82	48	109	58	32	26	20	15	14	55	44	
Game 40	L	116-123	34	23	31	23	54	27	70	40	94	49	27	23	17	15	14	42	40	
Game 41	W	134-129	43	29	37	28	65	33	84	50	111	60	33	27	21	16	15	58	46	
Game 42	L	118-125	35	24	32	24	56	28	72	42	96	51	28	24	18	16	15	45	42	
Game 43	W	136-131	44	30	38	29	67	34	86	52	113	62	34	28	22	17	16	60	48	
Game 44	L	120-127	36	25	33	25	58	29	74	44	98	53	29	25	19	17	16	48	44	
Game 45	W	138-133	45	31	39	30	69	35	88	54	115	64	35	29	23	18	17	62	50	
Game 46	L	122-129	37	26	34	26	60	30	76	46	100	55	30	26	20	18	17	50	46	
Game 47	W	140-135	46	32	40	31	71	36	90	56	117	66	36	30	24	19	18	65	52	
Game 48	L	124-131	38	27	35	27	62	31	78	48	102	57	31	27	21	19	18	52	48	
Game 49	W	142-137	47	33	41	32	73	37	92	58	119	68	37	31	25	20	19	68	54	
Game 50	L	126-133	39	28	36	28	64	32	80	50	104	59	32	28	22	20	19	55	50	
Game 51	W	144-139	48	34	42	33	75	38	94	60	121	70	38	32	26	21	20	70	56	
Game 52	L	128-135	40	29	37	29	66	33	82	52	106	61	33	29	23	21	20	58	52	
Game 53	W	146-141	49	35	43	34	77	39	96	62	123	72	39	33	27	22	21	72	58	
Game 54	L	130-137	41	30	38	30	68	34	84	54	108	63	34	30	24	22	21	60	54	
Game 55	W	148-143	50	36	44	35	79	40	98	64	125	74	40	34	28	23	22	75	60	
Game 56	L	132-139	42	31	39	31	70	35	86	56	110	65	35	31	25	23	22	62	56	
Game 57	W	150-145	51	37	45	36	81	41	100	66	127	76	41	35	29	24	23	78	62	
Game 58	L	134-141	43	32	40	32	72	36	88	58	112	67	36	32	26	24	23	65	58	
Game 59	W	152-147	52	38	46	37	83	42	102	68	129	78	42	36	30	25	24	80	64	
Game 60	L	136-143	44	33	41	33	74	37	90	60	114	69	37	33	27	25	24	68	60	
Game 61	W	154-149	53	39	47	38	85	43	104	70	131	80	43	37	31	26	25	82	66	
Game 62	L	138-145	45	34	42	34	76	38	92	62	116	71	38	34	28	26	25	70	62	
Game 63	W	156-151	54	40	48	39	87	44	106	72	133	82	44	38	32	27	26	85	68	
Game 64	L	140-147	46	35	43	35	78	39	94	64	118	73	39	35	29	27	26	72	64	
Game 65	W	158-153	55	41	49	40	89	45	108	74	135	84	45	39	33	28	27	88	70	
Game 66	L	142-149	47	36	44	36	80	40	96	66	120	75	40	36	30	28	27	75	70	
Game 67	W	160-155	56	42	50	41	91	46	110	76	137	86	46	40	34	29	28	90	72	
Game 68	L	144-151	48	37	45	37	82	41	98	68	122	77	41	37	31	29	28	78	72	
Game 69	W	162-157	57	43	51	42	93	47	112	78	139	88	47	41	35	30	29	92	74	
Game 70	L	146-153	49	38	46	38	84	42	100	70	124	79	42	38	32	30	29	80	74	
Game 71	W	164-159	58	44	52	43	95	48	114	80	141	90	48	42	36	31	30	95	76	
Game 72	L	148-155	50	39	47	39	86	43	102	72	126	81	43	39	33	31	30	82	76	
Game 73	W	166-161	59	45	53	44	97	49	116	82	143	92	49	43	37	32	31	98	78	
Game 74	L	150-157	51	40	48	40	88	44	104	74	128	83	44	40	34	32	31	85	78	
Game 75	W	168-163	60	46	54	45	99	50	118	84	145	94	50	44	38	33	32	100	80	
Game 76	L	152-159	52	41	49	41	90	45	106	76	130	85	45	41	35	33	32	88	80	
Game 77	W	170-165	61	47	55	46	101	51	120	86	147	96	51	45	39	34	33	102	82	
Game 78	L	154-161	53	42	50	42	92	46	108	78	132	87	46	42	36	34	33	90	82	
Game 79	W	172-167	62	48	56	47	103	52	122	88	149	98	52	46	40	35	34	105	84	
Game 80	L	156-163	54	43	51	43	94	47	110	80	134	89	47	43	37	35	34	92	84	
Game 81	W	174-169	63	49	57	48	105	53	124	90	151	100	53	47	41	36	35	108	86	
Game 82	L	158-165	55	44	52	44	96													

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

BRAINS

/ continued from page 21

Dr. Nahas reportedly was prepared to dis-
cuss Dr. Jeri's cingulotomies at length, with
the aid of the Cousteau videotapes, at a na-
tional parents-group convention in Wash-
ington last autumn. However, the topic was
more or less dismissed early on, when White
House "dope czar" Carlton Turner (an or-
ganic chemist) told them: "Unfortunately, it
is not always successful."

Six months later, when Jean Michel Cou-
steau edified the PRIDE parents in Atlanta
with a slide show of Dr. Hinojosa in action in
Lima, he spiced the presentation with a shot
of himself, high in the Andes, sipping a dose
of some bottled coca-leaf tonic to forestall el

good hypothesis, but I think it needs some
more work." Of Jeri's 30 patients: "I don't
think those people have been studied long
enough, and it hasn't been what we'd call a
controlled study. So it's interesting, but I
know of no one doing this in the United
States." Well, *should* somebody do it? "I cer-
tainly don't think it ready for worldwide dis-
tribution. I think it would need a lot more
study before any operations like that are
performed."

"It must turn them into vegetables," Dr.
Roy Wise of Concordia University in Mon-
treal bluntly told HIGH TIMES when asked
about the cingulotomy technique. The dopa-
mine-transmitting neurons which are in-
volved in this so-called reward circuit, he
explained, have long axonal connections
which reach far up into the frontal neocortex
in humans. While rats don't have much in
the way of neocortices, the frontal brain



DR. JERI (right) and friend, at cartoon "parents" conference in 1982 HIGH TIMES.

soroche—altitude sickness. "One thing I
wish to avoid is politics," Cousteau told the
crowd amiably, and then skillfully hit them
with the bloody surgical havoc of mutilated
craniums. "Needless to say, everyone in the
room was aghast," recalls Atlanta attorney
Steve Swimmer, who was on hand. "People
were clapping their hands over their open
mouths, blurting, 'No, I wouldn't go *that* far
with my little Kevin!'"

After Professor Gleaton had intruded
Jeri's cingulotomies onto the NIDA advisory
council's record, Dr. Cohen was good enough
to expatiate on them at length for HIGH
TIMES. Ideally, Cohen agreed, a series of
animal experiments ought to be undertaken
before this procedure is tried out on North
American dope casualties: "But this doctor
down in South America just went right
ahead on the basis of the theory with human
patients." He emphasized that this entire
business linking brain wiring to drug addic-
tion really is just a tentative theory: "It's a

area in humans depends on a complex, con-
tinuous input-and-feedback process involv-
ing these long dopamine neurons, in order
to maintain the functioning of the entire
organism. When these neurons are de-
stroyed—even by a mere "cutting opera-
tion"—the victim is bound to be gravely and
obviously impaired forever after. Dr. Wise
allowed that he had no inkling how a rational
person might cite his rat work as a theoretic-
al justification for slicing up the limbic sys-
tems of human beings, cocaine or no cocaine.

"There's not an ethics committee in any
hospital in North America that would ap-
prove this operation," Wise declared. "And
you would never be able to obtain advised
consent from a person to have it performed
on him."

Professor Gleaton at PRIDE tells HIGH
TIMES he has not personally reviewed Dr.
Jeri's unpublished paper on these opera-
tions—"Bilateral Cingulotomy for Cocaine"—
and refers inquiries to Dr. Cohen, who has



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JEAN MICHEL COUSTEAU (right), who had 'em gagging in the aisles at last May's PRIDE convention in darkest Peru.

done so. ("I rejected it out of hand," says Cohen.) "It is a very controversial operation," Gleaton recognizes. He says it's being performed in "poor countries like Peru, Bolivia and Colombia" because these developing nations can't afford expensive treatment and rehabilitation facilities. "It's a process of going in and siphoning off, in essence, some of the pleasure cells," Gleaton believes.

The PRIDE organization also regularly mails to concerned parents and others its continually expanding price list for "drug education and prevention" materials, including books, pamphlets, videotapes and so on. The latest offering features the following books:

By Sidney Cohen of UCLA, *Cocaine Today* (\$2.70), *Marijuana and Alcohol* (\$2.50) and *Marijuana Smoking and Its Effects on the Lungs* (\$2.50). By Gabriel Nahas of Columbia, *Keep off the Grass* (\$5.95) and *Drug Abuse in the Modern World* (\$10.50). By Carlton Turner of the White House, *The Marijuana Controversy* (\$1.99).

Videotapes from PRIDE go for \$90 on three-quarter-inch U-Matic, or \$75 for half-inch VHS and Betamax. Dr. Jeri de Lima has a tape called *A Peruvian Perspective on Cocaine*, and his associate Dr. Nils Noya has *The Epidemiology of Cocaine*. Dr. Nahas of Columbia is also on PRIDE videotape—*Alcohol and Other Drugs. Don't Drown the Fish*—along with NIDA administrator Dr. William Pollin. *American Drug Policy: Success or Failure?* Dr. Turner, the organic chemist, offers *America Is Still Hurting*. And no possible candidate for cocaine brain surgery can afford to be without *Controlling Drug Abuse: An International Perspective*, by former New York State congressman Dominick DiCarlo, who currently runs the State Department's Bureau of International Narcotics Matters.

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PISS PERJURY

/ continued from page 22

foolproof, and that anyone showing a positive result must have had *something* illicit in his or her urine sample. Evidence that the gas-chromatography assay devices themselves have shown false-positive results leaves defenders of the military piss programs stranded, literally without a pot to piss in themselves. When word went out that Whitson's false-positive file was in the hands of expert scientists finally, it was anticipated that this case might not merely spring the two defendants, but open a full public appraisal—or a congressional investigation—of the entire Defense Department piss program.

When Spillman's court reopened after three days, however, he listened to a "shaken" Dr. Whitson tell him that he'd just lost his livelihood for telling the truth on the stand. He said that Col. Dr. George Lathrop, commander of the Brooks epidemiological section, had advised him that he was being sectioned out of the lab forever, with the approval of the chief of the Aerospace Medicine branch at Brooks. There was no question that Whitson had incurred this punishment because of his testimony, he told Spillman; during a piss-test investigation last May, Colonel Lathrop had warned Whitson emphatically about "releasing too much information" to defense investigators.

Lt. Col. Spillman directly threw out all charges against the two Florida sergeants. By suppressing evidence, and threatening and punishing prospective witnesses, the Brooks brass had made it patently impossible for the defendants to receive a fair trial, he said. "In eighteen years as an air-force lawyer, I've never seen cases like this one. You had to be here to believe it." He made a point of saying that Whitson had been "maligned" by the Brooks brass, who had enacted an "arrogant reprisal" on him for his testimony, and that Whitson "has absolute credibility with this court."

It was necessary to get this information on the record, because Colonel Lathrop and Dr. Blouse were saying some highly prejudicial things about witnesses against the piss-test project just then. "Questions about his work had resulted in Whitson's being fired, they alleged, without getting specific. Whitson may have 'altered documents,' they insinuated, and may not have properly reported the lab mistakes he later testified about. And when they learned that no fewer than six additional Brooks lab techs were now ready to testify fully and honestly about conditions there, the brass turned it into a sinister prodrug conspiracy. "A small clique of people," Lathrop charged, "are not wholly supportive of... what we're doing in drug testing."

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PHARMCHEM

/ continued from page 23

of truly dangerous drug contaminants, like the crippling neurotoxin MPTP, in case a big batch of poisoned dope should suddenly turn up on the streets. "If the public is again at risk," he says, "there's a good possibility that the service will start up again to deal with the problem."

Drug-abuse counselors at the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic in San Francisco agree that people on the West Coast, especially youngsters, are considerably more cautious and levelheaded about their drug use than formerly. "We see a lot less of what we call garbage-can drug use nowadays," remarks Free Clinic training supervisor Rick Seymour, with something a little like nostalgia. "It's nothing like the old days, when people would come into the clinic after the big Graham concerts saying, simply, 'I feel weird.' You'd ask someone what he'd taken, and he'd count it up: 'Oh, altogether, there were five little blue pills—I don't know what they were—and three Windowpanes, and a half a fifth of Jack Daniels...'" People like this were undoubtedly the most frequent anonymous contributors to the Analysis Anonymous databank.

"...five little blue pills, some acid, some Jack Daniels..."

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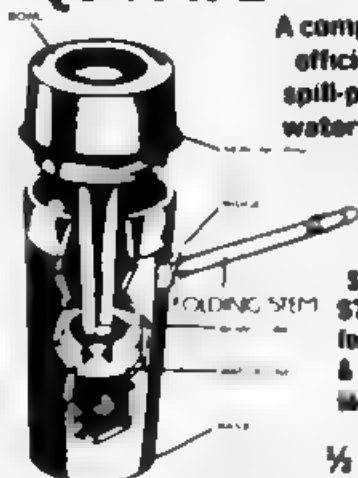
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Back in the USSR

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

It was bound to happen, Russian soldiers coming back from the eastern front with a hankering for the exotic Oriental dope they discovered there. The cat scabbled out of the Afghani bag for good last summer, when Red Army deserters Igor Rykov, 21, and Oleg Khan, 20, were lifted out of a Pakistani rebel camp and flown to London to speak before a European inquiry into Red Army war crimes, before they could take the oath, though, both kids had to be detoxified from opium-smoking habits they'd picked up while on duty in the boozies. Ever since the news came out, *Pravda*—like any conscientious establishment newspaper, anywhere in the world—has been running a shock-tablet series on the romantic horrors of the newly discovered "drug plague" among the occupation grunts.

This "news" of epidemic Red Army doping is about four years stale, to anyone privy to the phenomenally reliable international drug-gossip network. During the 1960s and '70s, Kabul was a prime *consensus* on the international hashish circuit, which visited places as exotic as Marrakesh, Katmandu, Bombay, Borneo and San Francisco. Some of the hashish-trail hippies, naturally, elected to put down permanent roots in Afghanistan, and are still there, far up in the hills: Britons, Dutch, Yanks, men and women and their children, passing as Afghans, still producing and shipping out their top-of-the-world temple balls of black hashish. They were selling vast quantities of hash to the lads of the Red Army—through the freedom-fighting Mujahadeen middlemen—as early as 1979; and their eyewitness reports of hell-for-leather, brain-stomping, serious narcotics abuse among the Russian rank and file have entertained their buyers as far away as New York City. (Ed. Note: Consult this issue's behind-the-lines report from Afghanistan by HIGH TIMES' photojournalist Mickey Kienitz.)

One interesting subject which these hash-peddling hoboes of the Hindu Kush have been resolutely tight-lipped about, though, has been the development of dope-trading routes into the virgin underbelly of Mother Russia herself. Western dope pundits from Tim Leary to Gabriel Nahas are in agreement that the "drugs plague" in modern America can be dated from the introduction of our Vietnam troops to Mekong Delta weed and China White dookey, and their return with it to every single part of the United

States. The same thing obviously has to be happening everywhere from Leningrad to Vladivostok, and I'm about ready to bribe the whole scandal out of the Afghani hash suppliers. So keep on reading this space, and you won't have to read *Pravda*.

Drier than a popcorn fart. . . or, as the old-timers put it, you couldn't find water with a fish. This summer has proven to be particularly void of good Colombian, though sots and mid-range Tex-Mex varieties have kept up pretty well. What Colombian *did* make the show was for the most part pretty scruffy, browns and greens with hardly a red or gold in the bunch.

This is partly attributable to the apparently earnest rumbles between the armies and the dope guerrillas in several South American countries. While the dope lords are not necessarily part of the leftist/Marxist revolutionary movements, they are continually and unobjectionably shaken down for "war taxes" by the Revvies. In turn, the Revvies give them protection from bandits, although they take off for parts unknown any time the government sends the police or armed forces on a "drug crackdown." Not a shot was fired in anger over that 30-ton coke seizure in Colombia, described above.

Kick out the jams. . . Our brothers and sisters in the joint are finally getting together to flush those piss tests right back up the Man's nose. The best way to work a piss-test challenge in prison is for all the cons to get together with one lawyer, and that's *all* the cons who are subject to piss-testing, including those who haven't gotten "caught" by the grunts. A bunch of people in a New Jersey state slam last winter got together with Newark attorney Jack Arseneault of Newark, and the result was *Denike v. Fawcett*, CA#83-2737, U.S. District Court for New Jersey, May 1984. They got the piss records on 1,000 cons expunged forever, and now the Jersey state hacks have to confirm all EMIT positives with gas-chromatography/mass spectrometry. By citing *Denike*, and also *Kane v. Fair* (CA#136229, Massachusetts Superior Court in Norfolk, August 1983), even an independent jailhouse lawyer can go a long way toward discouraging the hacks from using these piss tests. Just keep in mind that the things don't work, and that's been proven in several courts of law, and it's all on public record now. So any time anybody did pull a piss "positive," it was because the machine fucked up.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS IN MARKET

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	quality varies	oz	100-120
Sydney sinsemilla	terrific toke	oz	1000-1400
Thai sticks	rare	lb	1200-1400
Domestic hash	middlin'	one	20
Lebanese hash	blond & beautiful	oz	300-400
Hash oil	when available	lb	3200-3900
LSD	ties and microdots, freaky and fun	cap	400-450
Cocaine	A-1	one	4000-4200
Amphetamine	fast and flashy	gm	30
		oz	8-15
		gm	150-210
		oz	180-200
		gm	3300-3500
		oz	100-110
		gm	1800-2000

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	arf-arf	oz	90-100
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	lb	750-850
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	125
Mexican tops	passable, usually available	lb	1100-1200
Home-made "cake" hash	impotent	oz	325-350
Afghan hash	flatblack	lb	2800-3600
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	oz	75-85
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	lb	500-700
LSD	blots from California	gm	15
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	oz	260
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	gm	15
		oz	3250
		gm	25
		oz	375
		gm	200
		one	4-10
		one	200-450
		one	3-6
		one	275-450
		gm	130-180
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	pawn in army-rebel rumble	oz	15-20
Commercial domestic	distribution difficult	lb	75-110
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	5-10
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	50-100
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	8-25
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	lb	100-225
		oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3500

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	lb	200
Cocaine base	lots	oz	6-10
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	lb	70-100
LSD	traded for blow	oz	2-4
		gm	40-60
		gm	negotiable
		one	25-40
		one	5

ITALY

African weed	intermittent supply	gm	4
Tan Leb hash	pale and tasteless	gm	2
Moroccan 00	superb	gm	5
Black Afghan	lucid, but stony	gm	5
Kashmir charas	heavenly, aromatic	gm	2
LSD	reputedly counterfeit	ea	5
Cocaine	glistening rocks	gm	60

JAMAICA

Seeded highland gold	gold as the sun, mediocre head	oz	5
Highland sinsemilla	solid head, great sativa	lb	25
Homegrown hash	most and exhilarating	oz	8
Mushrooms	watch yourself, some killers	lb	50
Cocaine	weakened U.S. disco toot	oz	10
		gm	100

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	needles in a haystack	oz	35
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	lb	200
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	10
Acapulco gold	on the stalk	oz	90
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	25
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	lb	250
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	oz	20
		lb	175
		oz	15
		gm	150
		ca	30-50
		ca	1-2

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Morristown, N.J.	Colombian gold, primo	oz	75
Columbus, Ohio	summer blotter acid	ea	3
Eureka, Calif.	purple kush, locally preserved	oz	200
San Francisco	East Coast coke, danced on	gm	90
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Colombian marsh: gree n, passable	lb	560
Albany, N.Y.	ephedrine tabs, undisguised	ea	50
Tucson, Ariz.	Mexican green, moist, lightly seeded	lb	500
Thos, N.M.	local mountain andica	oz	200-250
Marin County, Calif.	pure, shiny flake	gm	2500
New York City	"boss black repro" Leb soaked in hash oil	oz	100-120
		lb	1800-2000
		oz	1700

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	early leaf, baby buds	oz	140-200
	last year's stockpile	lb	1600-1950
		oz	225-300
		lb	2500-3000

Commercial Mexican	browns, greens, reds, etc	oz	55-85
Top-grade Mexican	arm-size buds	lb	650-950
Jamaican	negligible supply	oz	90-130
sinsemilla	likewise scarce	lb	900-1350
Commercial Colombian	healthy supply, prices up	oz	60-80
Primo	triumphant return	lb	90-130
Colombian	new variety, el cheapo, big sticks	oz	900-1250
Thai sticks	season starting slowly	lb	55-70
Loose Thai	Where's the buds?	oz	550-690
Hawaiian	supply down	lb	60-80
Lebanese hash	gummy and funny	oz	650-790
Black Afghan hash	black spheres	lb	1100-1400
Paki hash	large, succulent cubensis	oz	110-140
Pallochybio mushrooms	hard to find red-heart blotter, 100 miles holding steady	gm	2700-3000
Peyote LSD		one	100-1100
Cocaine		100	150-300
		gm	1400-2200
		oz	150-250
		lb	1200-2000
		one	100
		100	100
		gm	80-120
		oz	250-350
		ea	1500-2500
		100	3-7
		gm	200-400
		gm	120-160

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	nada	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	lb	550-650
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flower	oz	200
Thai sticks	timberland	lb	50-65
Lebanese hash	big mover	oz	500-600
Cocaine	now and then, not bad either	lb	225-300
LSD	blois	one	2000-2750
Methaqualone	bootlickers	one	20
		one	2400-2650
		one	10
		gm	130-200
		oz	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
		one	5
		one	350-500
		one	5
		one	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Kona gold	western-slope beauties	lb	2200-2750
Waikiki wacky	sparkles with resin	oz	225-275
Maui wowie	overpriced, overrated	lb	2000-2500
LSD	fresh from the lab	oz	250-275
Mushrooms	hot from the lava beds, dried	lb	2500-2700
Cocaine	not a big mover	oz	225-275
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	one	2400-3600
		gm	2-4
		ca	150
		gm	75-125
		one	2050-3000
		one	2



NUTMEG/MACE

AKA: *Myristica fragrans*, myristicum, butter, mada shunda

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

CHARGES

Use can cause nausea, dizziness, headaches, anxiety or full-blown delirium. Side effects may include abdominal spasm, constipation, tachycardia, insomnia and drowsiness. Overdose can produce strain on the kidneys and prolonged states of delirium. Chronic use may produce a psychotic reaction

NATURE AND USE

Nutmeg and mace are two spices that come from the nutmeg tree (*Myristica fragrans*) which grows throughout the Malayan archipelago of the East Indies, sometimes called the Spice Islands. When ripe, the fruit of this 30-to-40-foot-high tree resembles an apricot. Its seed is the nutmeg, while a bright crimson network covering the seed is processed into mace. Mace and nutmeg have similar psychoactive properties.

In our own culture, nutmeg is an easily available spice, most often found on a kitchen shelf between the cinnamon and cloves. Sprinkled sparingly on custard, or eggnog at the holiday season, one jar of it may last a lifetime for an ordinary household. In this guise, it is not a substance one would think of as a psychedelic.

Arab physicians cataloged the therapeutic uses of nutmeg as early as the seventh century, as a remedy for digestive disorders, kidney disease, pain and lymphatic ailments. Considered an aphrodisiac, nutmeg is still consumed by Yemenite men to increase virility. In Hindu medicine, it has been prescribed for fever, consumption, asthma and heart disease. Traditional Malayan medicine designates nutmeg for madness as well. In East Indian folk medicine, nutmeg is still used as an analgesic painkiller and sedative, and in small doses as a sedative-hypnotic quietener for irritable children. Near the turn of the last century, nutmeg achieved a brief vogue in England and America,

due to a mistaken notion that it could bring on overdue menstruation and induce abortion.¹ Today, nutmeg abuse most commonly occurs in prisons, where other intoxicants are unavailable.

The essential oils of nutmeg are chemically related to several of the methoxylated amphetamines. The main active ingredient of myristicum can be made into MDMA (3-methoxy-4,5-methylenedioxyamphetamine), while another nutmeg component, elemicin, is related to TMA (trimethoxyamphetamine).²

The structural-chemical relation between nutmeg and these methoxylated amphetamines is similar to the relation between ergotamine and LSD-25.

Although both nutmeg and mace have some psychoactive qualities in their own right, the effective dosages are high, the concoctions taste terrible to normal people, the mixtures are toxic, and the user typically sustains a painful hangover the next day. Most people who try

nutmeg out of curiosity never come back for a second try.³

The psychotropic effects can range from a mild sense of floating and cannabislike euphoria to major psychotomimetic delirium. The onset of these effects after ingestion can range from 10 minutes to four hours, and their duration between four and 24 hours. While the intensity of the effects may be dose-related, descriptions from various users indicate a wide range of individual sensitivity to the effects.

Very little organized research has been done on these drugs, and most accounts of their effects are anecdotal in nature. The following case report describes an overdose experience, but is fairly typical:

"On June 18, 1958, I ingested approximately two-thirds of a jar of Spice Islands ground nutmeg mixed into several successive mugs of black coffee. [An hour later] I noticed feelings of euphoria and lightness. My face became increasingly flushed and the whites of my eyes became very

bloodshot. Over the next hour, I experienced increasing anxiety and agitation, [being] unable to sit still or maintain a conversation. I took a walk downtown. The palms of my hands, when I rubbed them together, felt like two slabs of smooth marble. The street was lined with benches where quadrupedal amputees waved their stumps excitedly while fireworks went off in the sky. Friends found me crawling along a pier in the harbor. I slept for more than twenty-four hours, felt badly hungover for several days. [I] had periodic but intense lower-back and kidney pains for a period of weeks after."⁴

ADVERSE REACTIONS

All of the effects and side effects listed in "Charges" seriously apply to nutmeg. There is one report of a fatal overdose in toxicological literature, and two cases of prolonged psychotic reactions. The hangover and kidney-pain reactions, and the awful taste itself, tend to discourage subsequent experimentation.

FIRST-AID PLUS

Acute adverse reactions, similar to those encountered with other psychedelic drugs, can best be handled with LSD-style talk-down techniques. These include reassurance, rest, decrease of sensory input. In extreme cases the patient should be taken to a poison-control center or hospital emergency room, where they may be treated by physicians with sedative-hypnotic drugs.

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Jamie Lee Curtis

"If I didn't have flat feet, I probably would have been a jock, if I didn't smoke, I'd have become a singer, if I didn't like boys so much, I'd have become a doctor. But you can like boys, have flat feet, smoke, and still be an actress!"

Interview by Mike Wilmington

I first became aware of Jamie Lee Curtis—daughter of one of Hollywood's most storied and celebrated '50s marriages (between Tony Curtis of the oily locks and conniving hustle and Janet Leigh, the decade's best blond lady-in-distress)—in *Halloween*, the low-budget horror smash in which she played a nubile teen stalked by an apparently indestructible psycho. I remember thinking she was pretty, but, next to her mother—a little skinny. How wrong I was. I first became aware of Jamie Lee Curtis in a series of eye-popping stills from *Trading Places*, where she mugged and caroused for the camera with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy, looking gorgeous, sparkling, a little bawdy, anything but a victim—and anything but skinny. In *Trading Places*—after five years as Hollywood's reigning low-budget "scream queen," stalked by a series of increasingly destructible and ever more dubious psychos and slashers—Jamie Lee played Ophelia, a wisecracking, street-smart, survivalist Chicago whore.

Her smile was easy, her morals were easier; her blouse came off like sheet lightning. It was a performance that cut like a knife: vigorous, vivid, sexy. And though roles like

Ophelia are rarely hailed or applauded—they look too simple, too much like “star turns”—Curtis got a batch of good reviews—and last year’s British Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress. (Her competition included Jessica Lange’s Oscar-winning job in *Tootsie*.)

Trading Places shows that Curtis is probably much better, much punchier, when she isn’t playing a victim—when she can give vent to a sense of satire and a bent for goofy high jinks that simply weren’t apparent in the likes of *Prom Night* or *Terror Train*. Her true métier, in fact, is probably as a sexy comedienne. In fact, I was continually struck, while transcribing this interview—which was prompted by her current film, *Love Letters*—at how much she sounded like Carol Burnett. It isn’t just her vocal quality and timbre, oddly enough, but the kinds of jokes she tells, and the way her voice pushes up to a spoofily “hysterical” coloratura lift, when she starts sending things up.

Curtis is obviously something of an untapped talent—despite her recent high visibility. She’s also a knockout. Unfortunately, the one thing I couldn’t transcribe here was the best part of the whole interview—When the photo session started, Howard Rosenberg set up, Jamie Lee slipped T-Bone Burnett into her tape player and then began, with sizzle and panache, posing all around her sunny, white-on-white apartment. As she whirled and tipped from balcony to balcony, I remembered Howard Hawks’ dictum, “The camera loves certain actors.” The camera—still and moving—definitely loves Jamie Lee. And so, for that matter, do we.

HIGH TIMES: *How do you feel about Love Letters?*

JAMIE LEE CURTIS: I like the movie. I think it’s a good movie—for a certain audience. If anyone’s ever had an affair with a married man, or someone very involved—and if you’ve ever overromanticized the relationship—I think that this movie explains that fairly well. I’ve overromanticized relationships, numerous times. I haven’t gotten as deep as Anna does—but the line where he [James Keach] says, “Do you want me to leave my family?” I’ve had that line actually said to me. And I’ve actually said, “No, I want you to want to leave them.” So I buy all that stuff. I really buy that relationship.

HIGH TIMES: *It’s pretty rare these days when Hollywood even attempts a realistic story about recognizable human*

behavior.

CURTIS: That’s why I did the movie. That’s why I think everybody did the movie. Because it was like, “Boy, we’re gonna make an attempt at this? Oh, boy... we’re gonna actually get money? We’re gonna make this movie? Nobody’s saying we’re gonna have to change the ending? Nobody’s saying he’ll have to leave his wife at the end? Oh, boy! It’s actually gonna have—not necessarily—a happy ending? Oh boy!” And I was real excited about that.

HIGH TIMES: *It was a real departure for you. Is it the kind of movie you’d like to make more often?*

CURTIS: It’s the type of movie I’d like to make... the way we made it. It was really great, we made it like we made *Halloween*. We made this for \$700,000—and shot it in twenty days. It was really a group effort. And it was really fun to make that type of film... I like to be a little lighter. There’s a lighter side of me I like a lot better than the serious side. *Love Letters*—that one hurt a lot. That one hit home a lot, it’s serious, a real serious story. And I’m kind of—a happier person than that.

HIGH TIMES: *You say Love Letters was a group effort. Did you make any special suggestions or contributions?*

CURTIS: Some small script suggestions. I like the screenplay. The screenplay has changed from what you saw. They cut a lot—a lot of the stuff that I think you may have missed or wanted, character stuff that had to go for the sake of plot development. There was a great scene with Amy Madigan and me in a restaurant talking about men. It was a wonderful thing—kids screaming in the restaurant and Anna idealizing everyone she sees, imagining that it was her with Oliver’s kid. So she’s looking at kids and mothers—and her girlfriend’s rattling on about penises. It was really very funny. I miss that scene.

But I like the film. It’s a small movie. You don’t start out with great expectations for this type of film. It’s just that if you feel strongly about it, and you believe in it, you put it out there. And you let the people decide.

The one thing that’s interesting... I like to get involved—I’m real nosy. I’m a real bitch, in that sense. I mean, I’m not... I think I’m real good to work with, and I don’t think I’m nasty. But I like to know what’s going on. Like, with ad campaigns and things, I stick my nose in full force. And actually, the ad line is my line. It’s a line from the

script, but I recommended it: “Sometimes it’s right to do the wrong thing.”

I think it’s a movie for women, primarily, because men have a lot of trouble dealing with the fact that it’s a girl’s point of view of what an extra-marital affair is like. I think women will like it a lot—because I think a lot of women have been in those places. Also, a lot of men pretend like they’ve never said things like: “I know it’s a lie, but promise me you’ll never leave me.” I mean, come on: it’s said, done, a lot.

HIGH TIMES: *I’m reminded of the problems Jonathan Kaplan had on Heart Like a Wheel. He was told by the marketing people of a “truism” of Hollywood advertising: Women don’t go to see movies. Do you see any signs of that breaking?*

CURTIS: *Terms of Endearment* is a “woman’s film” that’s grossed over a hundred million dollars. It certainly crossed over for men. And it’s made a lot of money so there are a lot of women out there.

There are certainly aspects of *Love Letters* that should appeal to men, as well as women. I don’t want to bring up the aspects that should appeal to men, because it has to do with me—and I would rather not, sort of, bring that up too much. Nor does it sound good coming from my mouth. I’m not that good at being objective about that sort of thing.

HIGH TIMES: *Any comments about being one of the Hollywood “Second Generation,” like the Fondas and the Carradines? Or about the breaking up of the old Hollywood?*

CURTIS: Boy, oh boy. Well, put it this way: The “Old Hollywood” community does not exist, even today, even with those families. I adhere to—and miss—a lot of the Old Hollywood. And I wish that a lot of the aspects that my parents were able to enjoy about the studio system, I could enjoy. It’s a lot more difficult.

I’d like the security, the feel of “family.” Right now it’s very hard—except for your close group of friends—to really feel like there’s a family atmosphere. You work for one studio; then the next day, you work for another studio; then the next day, you work for another. It’s a very extended family; it’s a very big family.

HIGH TIMES: *I want to ask you about your parents—because they’ve been in four of my favorite movies. Your mother was in Psycho and Touch of Evil, and your father was in Some Like It Hot*

and Sweet Smell of Success.

CURTIS: Those are my four! Okay. Good. We get along. We're in. Sidney Falco... I just saw my dad the other day, and he started doing his Sidney Falco. And he also does Burt Lancaster, so he's doing the two of them. He's doing Hunseker and Sidney, and he's becoming schizophrenic—

HIGH TIMES: What was it like being the child of such a visible marriage?

CURTIS: Well, it was a real visible marriage, but don't forget, they were divorced when I was three. So it wasn't visible for me. I didn't see them ever together, really. I don't remember them ever being together. And it's interesting for me to look back over news footage and clips and magazine articles. I look at them and go, "Shit. They must have just been the cat's meow. They just must have been pretty... fuckin'... great." And I would really like to have seen them together. It's a disappointment in my life that I never got to just see them together, to see them, the two of them when they were at that time of their lives—it must have just been...

We have no idea about that type of stardom any more. That type of stardom does not exist. John Travolta probably comes close to getting that much attention. And he's really one individual... And my mom and dad had it. And I saw that when I went to Europe to promote *Trading Places*. Because it was phenomenal how they were respected and loved by the European people.

Americans are fickle. We want a different flavor. We want to be stimulated by different people... We're very easily dismissed in this town.

HIGH TIMES: By the public, or the powers-that-be?

CURTIS: Definitely dismissed by the powers-that-be, after a certain amount of time. And, yes, dismissed by the public—not because they really do, but because they're inundated by so many others. And that's partly just an actor's life; that happens to a movie actor. You know: it goes away. It cannot stay forever. I don't look for that. I'm not expecting it—especially in today's business.

HIGH TIMES: Did your mother ever encourage you to act?

CURTIS: No. I just sort of did everything. It was really odd. I was encouraged to be just sort of an interesting child. I was exposed to a lot of things, so that I could make my own decisions about lots of stuff. I was exposed to



● In *Trading Places* Curtis turned a ho-hum role into a star vehicle.

everything. I could have been a ballet dancer. I could have been a good athlete. I could have been a real good athlete.

HIGH TIMES: What was your specialty?

CURTIS: I could have been a good tennis player. I could have been a good swimmer. You know, you have to make that decision really early on—so you can be molded into the proper form for that sport. I have a good all-round body for sports. I'm a natural athlete. Good form. I may miss the ball, but I'll look good doing it. You know what I mean. I may, like, fall at the end of a hull, but my style—going down—will be good. I was well-educated in sports—and arts and literature. I thank my parents a lot for that. They made sure that I was educated on all levels, for everything.

HIGH TIMES: Could you talk about *Halloween*? When you guys were making it, did you have any idea it would be that big?

CURTIS: No. No one did. No one. Now, they say they did. There are a lot of people around this place who say they knew it was going to be a huge hit, that they were big supporters of it. I mean, I meet more and more people who I went to high school with. And I meet more and more people who were involved with *Halloween*, every day. All of a sudden, there were like lots of people who were producing this movie. And I went to school with a lot of peo-

ple. Boy oh boy oh boy. I went to schools I never heard of. And was very good friends—best friends—with a lot of people.

HOWARD ROSENBERG: You went to school with me.

CURTIS: Which one?

ROSENBERG: Alan Capps. You went one day, and it was during the actor's strike—

CURTIS: Alan Capps—I did! We did go to school together. It was Alan Capps' cinematography class. During the actors' strike I thought: [slaps knee] Okay—I can't act. Go for shooting. So I was going to shoot movies. So I went to cinematography school.

You know, we made *Halloween* for \$300,000 in fourteen days. And it was a little horror movie; I don't think most people had illusions about what it was going to do.

HIGH TIMES: It spawned a whole series of movies...

CURTIS: I was in some of 'em.

HIGH TIMES: ...which got progressively cruder and bloodier—

CURTIS: Which is bizarre, because the one thing about *Halloween* is that it was all assumed terror. It was assumed violence—mostly. It was assumed blood. It's the old adage: your own imagination is a hell of a lot worse than anything you'll ever see. And so, play on that, use that, utilize that. And so what happened was, every subsequent film got more graphic. All of a

sudden, all of these knock-off movies that tried to emulate *Halloween* became gorier and gorier and gorier.

If you like the people that you're watching, and you believe that the action in the movie is completely normal—normal life, kids walking down the street, nice—and if you believe it wholeheartedly, then when the *unreal* it comes in, you believe that too. All the knock-offs... you didn't give a fuck about anybody. I can't remember anybody's name, you know? Slowly, more and more character development was going down the toilet, and more and more close-ups of knives slashing into throats were coming in. And I watched this happening—and I remember, on *Prom Night*, saying to Paul Lynch, "You assume too quickly that your audience likes us." It's like five pages into the script, and already bizarre stuff is happening. I said, "They're not going to respond to it. You haven't let the audience get to know the characters yet." It has to be very simple. Simple, real... Boom! That's how you scare people.

John Carpenter said to me, the first day, "I want Laurie Strode to be vulnerable. I want you to be so vulnerable in the part that the audience actually talks back to you." I immediately said, "I don't want to play 'vulnerable' parts. Meaning, I don't want to be weak." And he said, "Vulnerable is not weak." And we talked about vulnerability and weakness, and the similarities and the parallels. And he said, "I want them to love you. And I want them to take care of you. So that by the end of the movie they will actually talk back to you." And I said, "Yeah, sure. Ha ha." And I went and watched the movie, at the Pix Theater in Hollywood, with eight people. And the walk across the street, after all the girls have been killed in the house, and there's the shot sequence: On Laurie, back to the house. On Laurie. Back to the house. On Laurie. Back to the house. A woman stood up at the back of the Pix Theater and screamed out, "Laurie! Don't go in there!" And I went, "Okay, John. Okay. So you were right."

HIGH TIMES: How did you feel about getting typed as "The Scream Queen of Hollywood"?

CURTIS: It was okay by me. It was work.

HIGH TIMES: Trading Places revolutionized your image and won you the British Academy Award. Were you surprised at the impact it had?

CURTIS: I was flabbergasted. I am still

surprised. Trading Places was John Landis' doing. He hired me. And I'm sure he put up with a lot of shit from a lot of people. Because they were just too used to seeing me in a certain way... there's a long list of women who could play that part, who wanted it. Apparently I gave a good audition. But I thank him for giving me that part. I give him all the credit. I loved working with Danny and Eddie. I had a great time. But he enabled me to be good. He's a wonderful director.

HIGH TIMES: Trading Places was done right after Twilight Zone. Did you know about the problems he was going to have?

CURTIS: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: Did it affect the shooting at all?

CURTIS: No.

HIGH TIMES: Are there any actors or actresses whom you emulate?

CURTIS: I don't emulate anybody. I respect Katie Hepburn—a lot. I gotta tell you—I was never a movie kid. I dated a couple of guys once who each went through this experience that when they saw *The Graduate*, it changed their lives. Movies don't do that for me, now. Maybe it's because I know too much about them. Maybe I get a little jaded. I'm really shitty at movie trivia games. I suck eggs at that. I've never been a can-e-mah student.

HIGH TIMES: Now that you're in a position to shape your career, what would you like to do? What's your type of movie?

CURTIS: I like funny movies. I think I... like romance. I like... what did I buy? I bought *Splash*. What else did I buy—wholeheartedly, recently? I bought *Terms*. I liked *Broadway Danny Rose*. What movie did I think a lot about, recently?... Oh! I liked *Ice Man*. This new movie, *Ice Man*? I loved this movie. I cried. And there's a scene in *Ice Man* that made me laugh: where Timothy Hutton is singing with this iceman. And he's singing "Heart of Gold." And it's the funniest thing I've ever seen: I mean, I laughed. Real, hearty laughter. It's hard to get me to laugh like that—at a movie.

I'm really very simple. I like happy endings. I like to be stimulated. I'm simple, you know?

HIGH TIMES: Is there anyone you'd especially like to work with?

CURTIS: Quite a few directors. A lot of actors. I'd like to work very much with John Schlesinger. I'd like to work with Roman Polanski. I'd like to work with Gerard Depardieu—very badly. I'll do a walk-on, to do a movie with

Gerard Depardieu. I'd like to work with [Deborah] Winger. I think Winger and I would be terrific together in a movie.

HIGH TIMES: Any other plans for the future?

CURTIS: I don't think it's possible to plan too far ahead in this business anymore... I have a feeling some day I'll be an executive. I sat at somebody's desk yesterday—and I just think it fit me well. 'Cause I know who's going to hit. I know it. God, I know—I wish I could just say, "Put those two together in that movie, thank you very much... yeah, yeah, yeah, I know they're not big... yeah, yeah, I know... no, no, I know, I know... Okay, I know all that. Just let 'em go to work."

And if there was a place for me in there, I'd say, "Well, we'll put those two and me in there." I think I have a very good eye. I also think I'm a good businesswoman. And I will be behind the desk sometime. Because, as an actress, you can't work all the time. It's the weirdest business in the world: the more successful you get, the less you work. It's the dumbest thing in the world. The more success, the less work. It's dumb, but true.

But I don't like not working. I like to work. So, if I can't act all the time—I think I'd be a terrific executive. I'd be a good line-producer, but I'd be a really good executive. I think I work well with people. I think I do know how to match people together. I'm good at saying "No." I'm real good at saying "Yes." HIGH TIMES: How do your parents feel about your success?

CURTIS: More and more I'm seeing their glee. More and more. Not that they weren't happy before, but I get to see it. There's a thing called "passing the baton"—and I think it's just a genuine, neat thing for any parent to see their kid doing well at something—and it happens to be the same thing that they did. I can imagine if a child of mine was successful in the same business I was in; I think it would just tickle me pink. I think it makes them happy.

HIGH TIMES: You made one movie [The Fog] with your mother. Would you like to work with both your parents?

CURTIS: Yeah, there's always been a desire for the entire family to work together. It has to be dealt with very carefully... I'd sure like to. [Laughs] Sidney Falco meets Ophelia! And Marion Crane... Marion, Sidney and Ophelia have a movie together. Wow. □

SINSE AND SINSE-ABILITY

The editor of Sinsemilla Tips interviews two West Coast growers

Tom Alexander was a hippie dropout marijuana farmer until the police unceremoniously ended his fledgling professional career. He got so enraged by the injustice of it all that he commenced publishing Sinsemilla Tips. S-Tips is a quarterly publication dedicated to disseminating information of relevance to marijuana cultivators. Tom has become a dedicated defender of the marijuana culture. He has gained the trust of people who usually prefer to live as part of the woodwork in the Oregon forest. *HIGH TIMES* asked Tom to look up some of his acquaintances and see if they would answer a few routine questions. To the surprise of some, they agreed. So here goes:

The following interview, with two growers who are unknown to each other, reflects attitudes that typify the vast majority of American green-collar workers. Most people who cultivate marijuana are honest, decent, hardworking citizens. Growing marijuana has almost a patriotic ring these days—almost everything else is imported, including rolling paper. Mr. Bud and Ms. Sinse cultivate in the hills and valleys of southern Oregon. Just a few short years ago American marijuana was found primarily outdoors. Southern Oregon was part of the marijuana green belt which stretched from southern Washington to the southern border of California.

The green belt has spread. Today, marijuana is grown all over the country, indoors and outdoors. Our interviewees have grown both ways. They seem happy, comfortable and successful in their endeavors.

HIGH TIMES: *How many years have you been cultivating marijuana?*

MR. BUD: I've been cultivating pot for seven years. The past four years have been on a commercial scale. With each year of cultivating, I've seen improvement. I started out seven years ago pro-



● Plants up to four weeks old require almost daily attention.

ducing pot pretty low on the quality scale.

The first two years I hardly got anything except for some leaf. I certainly didn't know what I was doing those first couple of years. Since I put my mind into growing good pot, I've been fairly successful.

MS. SINSE: For two and a half years. I started out as an apprentice to a large grower. I learned a lot helping with that summer outdoor crop. From my share of the proceeds I invested my money into a metal halide light, soil, containers, fertilizers and some good strains of plants. Toward the end of 1981 I started my first indoor operation.

Using soil and one light, I ended up with fourteen ounces off of my first crop. It paid for itself but didn't make me rich.

With the second crop I switched to hydroponics and two lights and was much more successful. I also cut my turnaround time in half. With plants grown in dirt it would take me six months to get plants five or six feet high and done flowering. In hydroponics I was on a three-month cycle for plants the same height.

HIGH TIMES: *What are some of your cultivation secrets?*

MR. BUD: I use the same spot outdoors every year with the same genetic material, fertilizers, growing medium, mixtures, etc. When I added automatic drip irrigation my plants seemed to grow inches each day.

Indoors I had no choice but to use as much advanced growing technology as I could get my hands on. Even now, when a new product comes on the market, I'll buy one or make an identical version of it and analyze the results. If it seems to add to my yield, I'll use more until all my crop is using that particular system. **MS. SINSE:** Well-water that is free of pollution and added chloride or fluoride is a big factor in my cultivation techniques. Plants are like people, they both need good water to be healthy.

I also believe in being meticulous in the care of all my plants. Sanitation is another big factor in determining whether you cultivate healthy plants full of vigor, or sickly, stunted pygmies.

Cultivating marijuana is a labor-intensive activity in the beginning and in the end. Outdoors, this is



doubly so. From the time the plants are babies until they are three or four weeks old, a grower must give them all the time they need. While they're in the vegetative stage, a grower only has to check in to see that all is going fine with irrigation and that they're getting all the fertilizer they need.

At flowering, the maturation process picks up the pace again and is probably the most labor-intensive part of the process with drying, curing, trimming and packaging. All these tasks must be done within a set time period or the finished product can be ruined. At these labor-intensive times, cultivating becomes a full-time job.

When I switched to hydroponics with automatic watering cycles, a lot of the labor was done by the gadgets that are manufactured to do it.

HIGH TIMES: *What are some of the differences that you saw when you switched to hydroponics and automatic watering systems?*

MR. BUD: The setup that I have outdoors now gives me total control of watering without me being there to do the work. I use a gravity flow system from a creek. An irrigation pipe is placed in a creek that is at least fifteen to twenty feet higher than the garden area. A transistor battery-operated water controller is programmed to turn the water on once a day for two hours. Each plant has drip-irrigation emitters so that the medium becomes fully saturated. A fertilizer mixer, which injects water-soluble fertilizers, is connected to the irrigation line.

Last year I watered by hand and had to go up to my outdoor gardens in the mountains every other day whenever the temperatures were eighty degrees or more.

This year I had peace of mind, knowing that my lady friends up in the hills were getting all the water and nutrients they needed. I found that there is a direct correlation between the amount of water the plant gets and the size or vegetative mass of the plant. When the plants have the optimum amount of water, it makes all the difference in the world.

MS. SINSE: The improvements that I saw after installing an automatic drip system were much bigger and better plants, grown with

less effort and consumption of my time. I also harvested a much higher yield in both quantity and quality.

HIGH TIMES: *What varieties do you grow?*

MS. SINSE: It's hard to say exactly, since the ancestry lines got lost as the seeds were passed down the line.

My plants seem to be some strain of indica/Afghani mix, since they have really wide leaves and flower rather quickly. Most people grow indica for its early-flowering characteristics.

I haven't seen or heard of anyone growing sativa indoors or outdoors because of the two to three months it takes to finish flowering. With three months growing vegetatively, a grower is looking at a six- or seven-month turnaround time. Most growers can't wait that long and use the early-flowering indicas.

MR. BUD: I grow indica but have experimented with some Durban South African strains that are superearly but dismal as far as cosmetics of the bud go. It has a good high and a fruity aroma. I use the early-flowering strain in an ongoing breeding program. I am also using a Hawaiian/indica cross that has some sativa-type characteristics but is an early-maturing plant.

I have used clones for several years now. Once I find genetic material that I like, I "freeze" it by cloning a nice, large, healthy female and do not introduce new genetic characteristics unless I find something extraordinary.

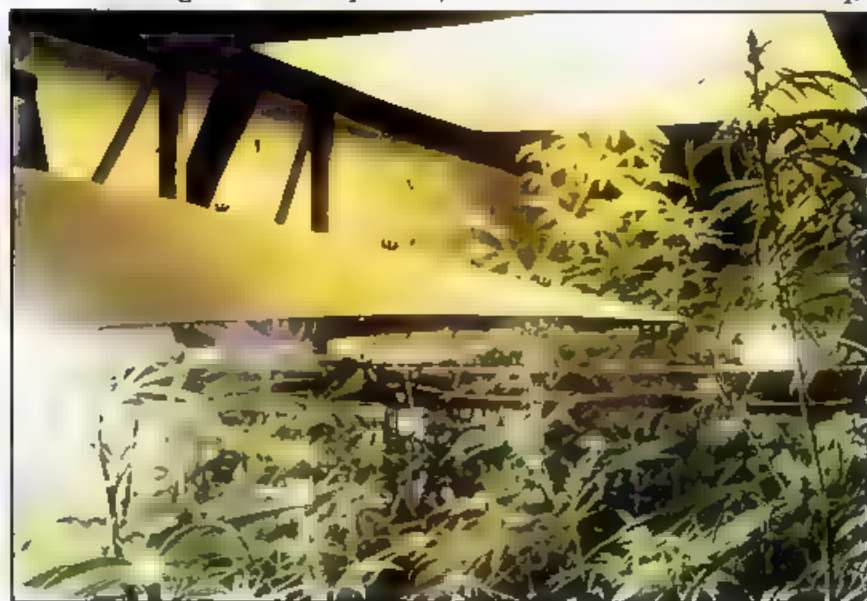
HIGH TIMES: *Do you grow just in the summer or are you a year-round gardener?*

MR. BUD: Growing year-round is obviously the only way to keep female clones going from year to year. I enjoy going down into the basement in the dead of winter and playing with my green babies in an eighty-degree environment while it's ten degrees outside.

By growing throughout the winter, I get a lot of strong, healthy female starts in the spring, which I put up in the hills for my major summer crop. I also get three harvests indoors in late fall, winter and spring. In the summertime I shut down my indoor operations and concentrate on my mountain patches.

MS. SINSE: I was an apprentice on an outdoor crop and grew one outdoor crop of my own. I came to the realization that, compared to indoors, it just isn't worth the time involved unless you do large commercial crops. The days of real big outdoor commercial crops are over. So basically, indoor crops will yield the same amount of money over the long run, with much less back-breaking work. And also much less paranoia about rip-offs and police snatching the crop.

Outdoor cultivation requires the grower to battle the elements. The grower must be sure to leave no trails or paths to the growing site. Then bugs, rabbits, deer, moles, and hunters in the fall, all must be dealt with in one way or another. The weather becomes a big factor out here in the Northwest. Usually,



● Growing indoors will give you the same yield without the work.

the falls are what most people call "Indian summer." Last year was an exception. It rained a lot.

The excess rain cut down on the much-needed sun and made my outdoor crop much smaller in size and quantity harvested. The rain also created life-threatening mold to take over on many plants. The grayish brown slime took over branches of some of my biggest plants in hardly any time at all.

HIGH TIMES: *What techniques do you find work best in cloning?*

Ms. SINSE: I discovered that misting the upper foliage of the cutting every day promotes faster root development. I use a very diluted, mild fertilizer with water. I also make a "tent" out of plastic over my flats with cuttings in them. The covering holds in moisture and humidity and I have a much better rooting rate.

I have used a sterilized potting soil but have had problems with nematodes destroying the large majority of my cuttings. Vermiculite, perlite or other soilless mediums seem to work the best.

MR. BUD: I like using a vermiculite and peat-moss mix as the rooting medium. I also dip the severed end of the cutting into Rootone rooting powder. This promotes root development and prevents fungus or molds from killing the cutting. If I am cutting a large number of branches, I put the freshly cut branch into a glass of water immediately after it's cut off from the parent plant. I've found that heating-cables underneath the clone containers help in hastening root development. I found, too, that misting the plants every day helps with rooting.

HIGH TIMES: *What types of fertilizer do you use?*

MR. BUD: I use a couple of different kinds. I use a water-soluble chemical mix in my indoor hydroponic garden. Outdoors I use a time-released fertilizer in the soil or container before I plant in the spring. In order to grow large, healthy plants, adequate amounts of nutrients are as important as water. Plants are like cattle in a feed lot. Give them the right amount of food and they "fatten" up real fast.

Ms. SINSE: I've used water-soluble chemical fertilizers for the most part, but I've also experimented with some of the new

organic fertilizers that are on the market and find them good, too. There's a big argument among growers as to which is better. Some say the quality—taste, aroma and high—is better with organic, while others say that this is a bunch of shit, so to speak.

I've grown grade-A stuff with both types of fertilizers.

HIGH TIMES: *How much does the average farmer grow?*

MR. BUD: Most growers I know are small-to-medium in the number of plants that they grow, but in the quantity or weight of finished product, it's a variable question. Most people I know make between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year growing marijuana, that's based on last year's crop. They're using more technology this year with the expectation of harvesting larger crops from fewer plants.

Ms. SINSE: Practically all the growers I know are women, who make around \$12,000 a year from growing pot. The risk involved makes women less inclined to grow; society has made that happen. I think women can grow better pot than men. Women are more meticulous and patient. Anybody that is a gardener and willing to take time can grow marijuana.

It's a sexist occupation. You rip up the males because they're worthless. Everyone loves the girls.

HIGH TIMES: *Many growers are against legalization of marijuana. What are your feelings on legalization?*

MR. BUD: I hope that it doesn't happen for a few more years. The price of pot would definitely plunge. I enjoy making my living from growing pot, the money that it brings in. Legalization would cut my profits but not my work load. It would probably increase the work load because I'd have to grow a lot more to make the income that I do now.

I do think it's ridiculous that the authorities are trying to eradicate marijuana. The people who get caught go through hassles which should be directed to the real criminals in society. I sure as hell don't see myself as a criminal. I leave that title to the rapists and robbers out there.

Ms. SINSE: I support legalization. In fact, I'm retiring, or at least taking some time off for a while.



● *What's all the fuss, legalize it!*

Not because of the police but because of the paranoia of getting ripped off. Two friends recently got ripped off at gunpoint in Seattle. I don't want to run into anybody with a gun.

Violence is creeping in faster than most people want to admit. There's big money in the overall marijuana scene and there are people who do not want to work at making money but would rather sit back and let the growers do the back-breaking work and then slink in and rip them off. That is not my idea of a peaceful occupation.

Legalize it! It won't be legalized, though, until the states see that they can make large amounts of money from taxing it. I would like to see government growers, I'd like to be one. They'd have some type of license, just like a fishing or hunting license. I'm looking forward to that day. □

Sinsemilla Tips, the quarterly domestic grower's journal, is available for \$12 for a one-year subscription. Write to: New Moon Publishing, P.O. Box 2046, Corvallis, OR 97339.



My friend the gambler

NEW FICTION BY CHARLES BUKOWSKI

Let's begin by saying this is a work of fiction and then let's go on from there. I first met Steve Cosmos in Paris, at least that's the name he was going under then and the name I remember best. Cristina and I were in Paris because the editors had dragged my ass over there to do interviews for the press. Also, I was writing a screenplay for Jean Sasoon, the French director, and we were staying at his Paris apartment along with his wife, the actress of some fame, who simply went under the name of Barbette. All the whole thing meant was much eating and drinking, drinking and eating, and drinking and drinking. I didn't understand it but I didn't care.

Anyhow, Jean Sasoon loved to talk about Steve Cosmos. Sasoon loved freaks and Cosmos was a freak, and I was a freak, that's why I was around.

So, this night who walks in but Cosmos himself, one of the ten most wanted men on the Continent. Mostly he did things to banks and gambling casinos, but he had many little side-lines.

We shook hands.

"Aha!" he said. "I saw you on TV and you got drunk and gave those shits what they had coming."

"I understand you take from the shits what you got coming," I said.

Cosmos laughed. "Oh, yes, it's an almost continuous thing."

"Pleased to meet you," said Cristina.

Cosmos looked. "Ah, what a charming girl! Are you with Chinaski?"

"No, he's with me."

Sasoon had gone to the kitchen where he was preparing something.

"Ah!" said Sasoon, a quite culinary "Ah," as if he had devised some magic and delicate blending of cookery. Cosmos, being French, ran into the kitchen to view and taste the mo-

ment, perhaps add something to it?

Cristina and I glanced at each other. We had met the great man. I refilled our wineglasses.

Cosmos had a gentle style and grace, you could see that right off. Strange white-blond hair, very straight back, a pink boy's face, a face full of pranks and laughter. His eyes were very large and round.

Then Barbette came in from somewhere. She saw Cosmos and started right in on him vocally. She kept on and on. A concerned tirade. Cosmos gave small answers, acted astonished, smiled, laughed. My French is worse than my German and I have almost no German, but what it was, she was telling him:

"You were seen in a bank today. I have a source. What were you doing in the bank?"

"Walking around."

"Don't you know your posters are out everywhere? They are looking for you!"

"But I was there and they couldn't see me."

"Why don't you hide low? Why do you stick your butt in their faces? You're a fool! What are you trying to do? Do you think you're God? For a man who has been around as much as you, you have the brain of a grasshopper, of a snail! Do you think I would enjoy you in jail?"

"No, neither of us."

"Then why are you such a fool? Why—"

Barbette went on and on.

Cosmos bent his head to the right, stuck his left thumb into his left ear and let his tongue loll out. The message was clear: All existence was stupid and it really didn't matter what any of us did.

Barbette got it, laughed. The lecture was over. Everybody was back to speaking English.

Sasoon turned from his steaming and delicious pots.

/ continued on next page

"The guy, the other night, he lost all his money at roulette because he played honest and he came out onto the grounds drunk and fell full-length into the lake in his tuxedo, came up dripping mud and slime!"

"Ah!" said Cosmos, "what an ending, yet I'm still here."

After eating we really got into the wine, fine French wine, it really rolled on down and in, you can drink it forever. Corks were pulled and pulled, cigars lit.

Cosmos kept repeating, quite seriously, through a smile:

"I have no interest in the police. They only have an interest in me."

I heard from Cristina later that I was the fool: putting my arms about the shoulders of Cosmos and Sasoon, saying over and over and over:

"You guys are my buddies! I really like you guys! You guys are my buddies! We all got class!"

What Cristina meant about the fool part was the repetition: they had to keep hearing it. But it's difficult in this life to ever meet exceptional men, and along with the good French wine this put me out of balance.

I do remember other portions. Cosmos had a trick to pull elsewhere. We all managed to get into Sasoon's car and we drove small dark streets under Cosmos' direction. Finally, along a tall row of hedges Cosmos said, "Stop here"

He stepped out.

"Now leave."

As we drove off, some of us looked back. Cosmos had pulled the neck of his trenchcoat upwards, and as he walked off he looked over his shoulder as if there were something there following him. He was right: it always was.

It was about a year later when we saw Cosmos again. I had finished the screenplay and Sasoon came to America to try to hustle up a backer. A producer. He rented a house on the beachfront down at Venice. Don't get lost. I'm speaking about Sasoon: he rents the house. *Rented* the house. (I hate fucking

with tenses, it makes me tense.)

All right. Sasoon had Cosmos with him. They had purchased two expensive motorcycles and two old, long, cheap, gas-eating cars which they considered "class," or as they put it: "great buys." Here, in L.A., we might refer to them as "Mexican Specials," which is not racist, only accurate. I've driven any number of Mexican Specials but never by choice, and I don't believe the American-Mexicans do either.

The house was next to a house next to an oil well. The house had 12 separate rooms, each with its own bed, and next to each room was another room with a shower and toilet. This was good for Sasoon, a ladies' man, and he often stocked up with four or five women in each room but he never did fill all 12, although one night he got up to 11. His excellence with the ladies backfired when he was looking for producers because he usually ended up in bed with the producers' wives and this pissed them to no good end.

I met many famous people in that house: producers, actors, directors. The problem with the famous when you meet them is that they don't seem to be very much. They just stand around and sit around with their shoes on and usually don't do or say much. In fact, they appear to be dull. (I usually take my shoes off.)

I wasn't much luckier with the producers than Sasoon



was. He had pointed one out to me who was interested in producing my screenplay. I was with Cristina one night and I was leaning against the bar at Musso's and this producer, let's call him Medicino, well, Medicino saw me at the bar and left his table and walked up and said, "Hello, Chinaski."

"Oh, Mr. Medicino."

He got into it. He was going to produce a movie. It was about a writer from the '60s, now dead. I couldn't read this writer. No knock against this writer: I can't read any of the writers. This is all right, it's the way it is with me. Then the bad part came: he told me what he was going to title the movie.

"Wait," I said, "you're not joking: you're really going to call this thing *The Heart's Boomerang*?"

"Yes, I like that title."

"Listen, you use that title and I've got to equate you with

tickets after the race, almost proudly. He had studied the racing form intently but there was no pattern to his betting: 6-2, 4-7, 7-3, 8-9, 10-4, 8-3. Each was a \$10 ticket. He was \$60 out.

"You see what happened?" he asked.

"What?"

"The eight horse broke

some guy in a circle-jerk singing 'God Bless America.'"

I was stunned: Mr. Medicino whirled and walked back to his table without a word. No fuckin' sense o' humor.

"Well," said Cristina, "there goes your screenplay."

"Let's ask the orchestra to stand," I said, and nodded the barkeep over for refills.

Cosmos, down at Venice, was more cheerful. We shook hands and grinned upon meeting again.

"I hear you go to the racetrack," he said.

"Every day. Sometimes at night, too. On a good day I'll listen to some Mahler and play eighteen races."

"You going tomorrow?"

"If I'm alive, of course." . . .

The next day he was there.

"You play the daily double?" he asked.

"No."

"The pick-six?"

"No."

"Exactas?"

"No."

"What do you bet?"

"Straight win."

"No place, no show?"

"Straight win only."

"You can't win any money that way," Cosmos said.

I didn't answer.

Cosmos didn't win the double. He showed me his losing

down in the first race and the nine broke down in the second, I had a broken-leg daily double."

"The eight and the nine probably would have lost even if they hadn't broken down."

"I had a broken-leg daily double," he repeated as if he hadn't heard me.

After each race it was the same. He showed me a handful of losing tickets but he always had some excuse. Well, at least he had money to shit away from somewhere.

In the eighth race I had two-win on a long shot. It was a little long-shot play I had devised after studying volumes of race results from tracks in Canada, Mexico and the United States.

"I have no respect for you for betting a horse like that," Cosmos said.

"What the hell, it paid seventy-six dollars."

"It was a stupid bet," he said.

That night Sasoon phoned me.

"Steve said he had a broken-leg daily double."

"He had that," I said.

"Cosmos wants to talk to you."

"Put him on."

Cosmos was drunk. I was, too.

"Ank," he said, "I feel the pain. . . Life is for nothing."

"Yeah, that's right."

"When I win, I feel nothing, when I lose, I feel the pain. What good is winning? Winning is no good."

He was right, of course, and he was wrong, too.

Cosmos was at the track everyday. He was the worst horseplayer I ever saw. Instinctively he landed upon the shortest-priced stiff, race after race. One day I pulled in close to \$600. Steve



asked for a \$200 loan. I laid it on him.

I didn't see him the next day or the next. That Friday I couldn't make the races, had to have a wisdom-tooth extracted. The dentist gave me a bottle of painkilling pills.

"Only take these if you are in agony," he said.

The agony didn't arrive. I took a handful of the pills, drank a six-pack of beer and drove out to the night harness races.

I was standing in line and I looked over in the next line and there was a fellow who resembled Steve Cosmos, only he had a ragged-looking beard, really scraggly, and he was dressed in floppy, greasy clothing. Cosmos always dressed neatly and cleanly. I looked at the eyes of the fellow. The eyes looked faded. Not the right eyes. This guy was just a second-rate Cosmos. I looked away and forgot about it.

A couple of races later I was checking my program and the line of asses of the hookers along the bar when I felt a hand upon my wallet and I whirled and there was the second-rate Cosmos, only it was the real one under all that, and he said, "Ank, I saw you looking at me..."

He pulled out two hundred-dollar bills and handed them to me.

"Now that I've reestablished my credit, you ought to be good for \$400 next time."

"How'd you get lucky?" I asked.

"The woman I'm in love with—"

"Who's that?"

"The lady with the spinning head."

He meant the roulette wheel. (See: Las Vegas).

Things got bad down on Venice Beach. The screenplay kept crawling back, kicked in the ass. The standard comment was, "Nobody is interested in the life of a barfly." They were right, of course. Even the barfly hardly cared. People wanted a loser who became a winner. Or a winner who became a loser. But a loser who stayed a loser? That was too much like themselves. They weren't interested in themselves.

The fine motorcycles went first. Then Sasoon started renting out the rooms. But Sasoon was into leather and all that and he was often absentminded and sometimes he left one of the girls all bound up and gagged upon the fireplace (his sacrificial Altar of Doom) and with an ice pick or pliers or a tong lying nearby, and this shocked some of the roomers who wandered about the place and they moved out. Worse, the hardy ones who remained stopped paying their rent. Next, the Mexican Specials went, and next, I heard Sasoon and Cosmos were gone, they were back in Paris, I got the postcard from Sasoon:

"... going to try the screenplay on the French... Barbette has landed a leading role in major stage production... will send more news soon."

And a line from Cosmos.

"Life is for nothing."

Three or four weeks later I got a letter from Sasoon who was in Paris:

"Hank,

They got Steve. He's in this ancient prison in Paris, one of the

oldest around, a former torture chamber, full of rats. He's very depressed, very. He's gambled away much of his wine rations for the future. You should write him. What he did to get in there was so stupid he won't even tell me about it.

I'm still going around with your screenplay. There has been some interest but nothing definite. But this screenplay is going to make it someday, one way or another, I'll see to that.

Barbette sends her love to you and to Cristina, too.

Jean Sasoon"

Then I heard from Cosmos.

"Well, Ank, the police got me and it was so dumb the way I got caught that I'm ashamed to tell, and won't. My life is over. I will never get out of here. I think of you out there going to the track everyday and I only wish I were standing next to you tearing up my tickets. I will never see you again. Life is ridiculous, it's all a waste. There are a few fine fellows in here but there's nothing we can do, or very little. Well, this is it for me. I never believed it would end like this. There are so many charges against me. I can't believe I did all those things. My lawyer said for me to expect at least ten years, and if I do get ten, I'm lucky. You call that luck? My life is over. Even a butterfly is better off than I..."

Write if possible.

Steve"

I wrote Cosmos right away. I wrote a long letter, and feeling that it might be read before it got to him, I wrote about how a man of his quality and character should never be in jail. I wrote that he should be honored, that what the world called justice was really a pathetic thing.

I went on and on in the letter, exclaiming what a noble man Cosmos was. I put it on so good that I almost wept.

It took me a bottle and a half of wine to write the letter and when I reread it and sealed it up I felt that after reading all that they would let him out immediately...

Cosmos responded quickly:

"Say, Ank, that was a great letter and I read it over many times. You are right: I don't belong in prison. However, it appears that only you and I believe this. I will never get out of here. This is it. Finis. I might as well be burned alive. My life was good until now. Now I must pay. Well, all the women are yours, and all the horses, and all that good stuff you drink. Think of me sometimes living in this hole with the rats. Even the walls stink. This is my home now, forever, until... and then even when I'm dead they'll throw me into some special prison for the dead, with dead rats and dead stinking walls... Even death will be for nothing."

Steve"

I was having some trouble with the IRS, which I cleared up, then a chunk of something ripped open my gas tank as I got into a speed duel with some fool on the freeway, and then the freeway jammed and I had to go over the side, and it took three or four days to get that straightened out. Then I wrote Cosmos again, trying to lend cheer. I even enclosed some francs I had left over from the trip over there. And then other standard little pitiable troubles followed, as they will, and I rather woke up one day to the fact that there had been no response to my last letter to Cosmos. Maybe I had said the wrong thing. Or having done a spot of time myself, I realized that some inmates thought those on the outside were out of touch with reality.

It wasn't so. My letter came back with an official stamp upon it in a dark smeared green. Again, forgive my French,

but the stamp said rather like:

MOVED. ADDRESS UNKNOWN.

Great Christ, I thought, Cosmos has dug a hole through the side of one of those stinking walls. What a clever fellow. I was proud of him.

Then I got the facts from Sasoon:

"... I don't know *how*, but somehow Steve made bail ... it was quite some sum ... Then he jumped bail ... I don't know where he is. But, after this, if they ever catch him in France again he's got life for sure."

I rewrote the screenplay, this time calling it the "jazz-soup version." I mailed a copy to Sasoon. Now he could knock on the same doors all over again. Then I started getting obscene phone calls from teeny-boppers and had to get a new unlisted number. Unlisted numbers last about as long as the average marriage: one and one-half years.

I got back into the poem. Tried some oil paintings but just ended up painting various versions of the human face, which is limited subject matter indeed. The horses ran all right but the horseplayers were a dreary group to take. They never admitted to failure and kept right on failing. What was really bothering them was loneliness, and absence of brain cells. Sometimes out there I felt as if I were in a giant mental ward, I mean for the insane, you know, with all the doors open and nobody able to walk out. Including...

Anyhow, one day the phone rang and it was Sasoon.

"Allo, Hank, it's Sasoon."

"Where you at, Jean?"

"Venice."

"You mean the beach?"

"Well, not exactly. We're in the ghetto, we live in the black ghetto, nice place, big yard—"

"What are you doing there?"

"Well, we want to shoot a documentary of you, all right?"

"All right," I said, feeling sorry for Jean because he had been unable to unload the screenplay.

"Guess who's with me?" he asked.

"Barbette?"

"No, she's working, they're shooting something in Algier."

"Who, then?"

There was another voice on the phone:

"I have no interest in the police, they only have an interest in me."

"Cosmos—"

"Thanks for your letters, my friend. I will always value them."

"When you guys coming to see me?"

"Oh, no, you come see us! In the black ghetto!"

"Must I?"

"You must."

I got the instructions...

Although it was high noon I parked my car in a supermarket parking lot outside the ghetto and phoned in.

Sasoon tooled up in another Mexican Special. After exchanges I got in and we moved toward the ghetto.

"How do you like it?" Sasoon mentioned the car. "It's fifteen years old and only got 20,000 miles on it. This housewife used to just drive it around for shopping, then her husband died and she had to sell it. I really got lucky! You like it?"

"Great, Jean, great."

The exhaust left a gray-blue maze half a block behind us and the tired crankshaft pushed at the weary piston arms

that were just aching to slice off and rocket through the hood. "I got a deal," said Jean Sasoon, sitting very straight and peering proudly over the long frontal hunk of that moving piece of shit. I inhaled a complete large can of Bud in three swallows so as not to have to answer to that.

We entered the ghetto. The streets were littered with bits of clothing and crap. Stockings. And shoes. But always *one* shoe. And never its mate. Which gave one the strange feeling that somebody had been amputated.

"Ah, look," said Jean, "see that high rise?"

I saw it.

"The people got in there and then refused to pay rent. It took two years and the state troops to finally get them out of there. And before they did, those people ripped out all the toilets, all the wiring, all the pipes, everything, they kicked holes in the walls, set rooms on fire... Now it's all boarded up. And people still live there. We got people living under our house, we can hear them talking at night... They even have radios down there. Sometimes they have fights, we can hear them cursing."

"Very interesting," I said.

"This is our place," said Jean, and he began to pull into the driveway into a parking area behind his building. Two young boys, black, about eight or nine years old, sat upon their bicycles and refused to budge. Jean slowly inched his car between them. With an artistic dexterity he pushed the large car between them. Suddenly one of the young black boys turned his head and said.

"Hey, man, watch it!"

Well, I thought, this is really living, and when the larger troops come along our balls will be fried, sliced, diced and skewered. We parked, climbed out, went in.

There was Cosmos, sitting on the couch, large cheap jug of wine before him, he was trying to light a beer-soaked cigar. He looked up and saw me: "Ank, son of a bitch, what're you doing in black hell?" He was very drunk.

Sasoon showed me the place. It had two kitchens. And not much else. Except for a tremendous backyard full of weeds. We came back out and sat with Cosmos.

"Look, Ank," he said, "my life is finished. I end here."

"He's going to write me his life story," said Sasoon, "and I'm going to make a film out of it."

"Jean try to make me a writer. I'm no writer. Jean fuck me up good—"

"How's that, Steve?"

"Well, I am ten thousand ahead and then Jean says, 'Let's take a break.' And I say, 'How?' and he says, 'We'll go see Tom Jones.' So we go see Tom Jones. And he's got this big silver cross on and his shirt is open and the silver cross is mixed in with his stinking chest hair and he's dressed in tight-fitting leather and wearing a dildo and he sings his love songs and the women scream. We watch the whole Tom Jones show and then go back to the wheel and I can't go shit. Tom Jones has broken my rhythm. It's Jean's fault: that fuck-in' Tom Jones!"

Cosmos lifts the entire jug of cheap wine and takes a tremendous hit.

Sasoon shows me his burglar alarm. It's a large cardboard

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HASHISH- A HAMMER FOR THE GODLY



● *The civilized West's latest allies in the*

HIGH TIMES'
*guns-and-dope photojournalist
covers the latest superpower
"police action" in Afghanistan, and
gets a solid lungful of the Muslims'
answer to Soviet nerve gas.
by Michael Kienitz*

"T he Russian army smokes a lot of hash," I was assured by the large turbanned party with the Kalashnikov automatic rifle. "If you want to see the Russians smoking hashish, I can take you there."

He seemed perfectly sure of himself, and so the next morning right after dawn I boarded his tawdry gray bus, which makes more or less daily trips over the Khyber Pass between Peshawar in Pakistan and Jalalabad in Afghanistan. He pretended ostentatiously not to notice me—the only blond-haired



noble struggle against Godless Communism: the hash-smuggling Mujahadeen of the Hindu Kush.

person, surely, to get on his bus in the last six months or so—but surreptitiously indicated I should take a seat beside a very tall, obese, well-layered individual who was sitting next to the window. This way, I gathered, no one outside the bus would be likely to spot me inside of it. Four small children in the seat facing us stared at me continually over their grubby fingers, which were mashing their mouths full of almond cookies from a tin, as the last passengers wrestled a great reeking wooden coop full of squawking chickens aboard.

Then just before we left, a vivid wail rose up from right outside the bus. A flock of little old Afghan refugee ladies were bidding a lugubrious farewell to a tall, bronzed, broad-shouldered youth who was obviously going off to join the Mujahadeen guerrilla resistance. This noble young warrior took the seat directly behind the driver and posed there majestically, his cobalt locks flowing from beneath his turban, his mustache glistening with tallow, his .45 strapped to his hip, as the bus grumbled up the zigzag, pitted highway into the Hindu Kush.

So it wasn't the Russians the bus driver was concealing me from, obviously. Between Parachinar and the border, it turned out, we encountered no less than three Pakistani checkpoints. Eventually I realized that the bus driver probably suspected I was some crazy *ifrangy* hippie out to score a big batch of Afghani hash at the source, and was worried lest the Paki border guards make trouble for him as a conveyor of dope traffickers.

The large person next to me was wearing enormous white plastic wraparound



● *An atavistic relic from the Merry Franksters? No, this is formal decoration in the Kush.*

ski shades under his turban, and beneath his beautiful embroidered cashmere shawl I could spy a handsome metal-banded digital Timex on his wrist. He became talkative as we wound up further into the hills, explaining that he was a refugee from Herat, near the western Afghan border with the Turkmen SSR. Currently, he and his family, he claimed, were living in the refugee camp near Nowshera, outside Peshawar. Now, I'd seen the Nowshera camp myself a week before: plenty of black-market machine guns and grenade launchers, a fearful selection of Dasha anti-aircraft guns, but a notable absence of women or children. But I was discreet, and only asked if it were true that the rebels made a lot of money growing pot, to be turned into hash and exchanged with the Soviet troops for hard-cash rubles.

"If you continue across the border, you will see for yourself," he said helpfully, and a little ominously. "Whenever a bus or truck reaches a Russian checkpoint, the first thing they always ask is, 'Do you have any hash for us?' This is why there is not much hash in the camps on this side of the border," he said a little regretfully. "It is all going into the war effort. We all grow the hash for the war effort now, and not much is left for

ourselves anymore." He looked decidedly wistful, as though selling all his hash to the Russians for gun money, and going without hash personally, was a fierce sacrifice in the name of patriotism.

The Afghan border declared itself, at the very top of the world, with great white letters engraved into the mountainside, Hollywood-style, in English:

● *Boosting the war effort on the home front.*



THE KHYBER RIFLES WELCOME YOU. The Khyber Rifles are a Pakistani militia squad organized nearly 200 years ago by the British, and my talkative acquaintance had plenty of jaunty, bloodthirsty reminiscences of their prowess at eliminating impertinent tribal rebel gangs in the Kush. Oddly, he also had equally hair-raising stories about rebels who had succeeded against the British: how they wiped out the first British colonial cantonment at Jalalabad down to the last woman, child and infidel puppy. He was brimful of patriotic pride when he recalled how a gang of hillmen had held Winston Churchill himself hostage for months until the colonial governor ransomed him. I did not bother to tell him how Churchill, in his youthful journalist days, made a sort of specialty of getting himself kidnapped by rebels on the fringes of the Empire, and ransomed expensively and with great publicity, to make a name for himself.

Not being into that sort of headline-grabbing journalistic technique myself, I readily accepted this person's offer to stay a night on the Pakistani side of the border, in the customs-control complex, and let him help me devise a likelier way of getting into Russian-occupied territory and back out again.

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The Connoisseur's Travelin'

ing Kit



TRANSPLANTING AND CURING

Tips on two important processes

by Ed Rosenthal

Dear Ed,

In June my husband and I started a few plants outside, near an old barn. They are doing pretty good. We water them once every week or two. We want to dig them up and put them under a fluorescent grow light. Will they survive the change? What is the best time to transplant? And how should we do it?

—M U.

Tulsa, Okla.

The plant is best left outdoors until harvest, if possible. Then the harvested plant can come indoors. To help the plant make the trans-

sition, some leaves should be left on the stalk when the buds are harvested. The stalk can be cut low as long as there is some vegetation on it. With a spade or shovel dig a perimeter around the roots as wide as the container in which the plant is to go. This is usually no smaller than a five-gallon container.

Dig the root-ball as deep as possible and then place the plant into the container, adding medium if necessary. Water before and after transplanting. Once the plant has been brought indoors, keep it under bright lights 24 hours a day for a week. Then the light can be cut back to a vegetative growth regimen of as little as 18 hours a day.

If the plant is to be brought indoors before harvest, dig it up early in the day or late at night at least an hour after watering to minimize the possibility of transplant shock. Give it a large container. A bushel basket may be appropriate. Try to hold as much of the root-ball together as possible. Keep the light cycle for flowering to a minimum of 12 hours of uninterrupted darkness per day. Give the plant light on cycle, but keep it to a moderate brightness until the plant roots adjust to the new environment.

A spray—Wilt-Pruf—partially

blocks the leaf pores so that water won't transpire as easily. It helps to prevent wilting. The coating can later be washed off with water.

A transplanting liquid such as Transplantone, Hormonex or other transplanting conditioner helps plants overcome stress.

Dear Ed,

I've been growing my own marijuana for three years now, and it's always good. But it could be a lot better if I knew more, especially about the curing process.

When I harvest my crop of around 400 plants, I uproot the whole plant, shake all the dirt out of the roots and hang them upside down in my warm garage to dry.

When dry, I strip the whole bush and put the pot into large black plastic bags. I spray water onto the pot in the bags to make it all quite damp, but not soaked. I then close the bags and tie them to seal it, and let the bags stay in the warm garage about two weeks. Every three or four days within that two-week period I open the bags, mix the stuff up a little, then retie the bag again. The stuff stinks like ammonia, or something just as bad. I don't let it get to the mold point. If it starts that, I leave the bag open just a little; that lets it cure but not mold.

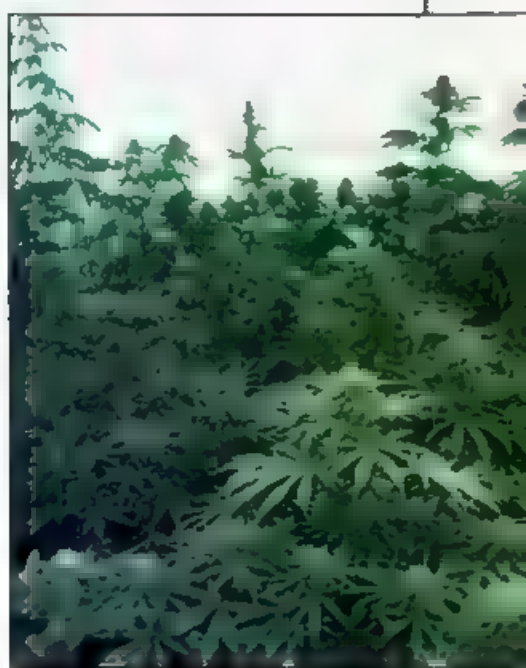
After two to three weeks of this treatment, I open the bags and spread the stuff out on newspaper to dry till it's smokable. The pot is not green anymore, but a nice brown color. It smokes smooth, not harsh like the green stuff. And it gives a damn good buzz. Any suggestions?

—Wayne A.

New York State

I'd forego the bag-curing process and manicure the plants when they are dried. To eliminate some of the green taste, try drying the plants in a cooler area, so that they dry slower and have a chance to metabolize some of the chlorophyll and other pigments found in the buds.

Hydroponic growers eliminate nitrogen (N) from the fertilizer formula to encourage fan-leaf drop



●Garden of the Month:

This garden is an indoor 10' x 12' grow room which held 48 plants. (In this photo you only see 12 of them.) It was lit with four 1000-watt metal halides plus two 500-watt tungsten halogens. The plants are sativa/indica hybrids averaging five feet, grown in soilless medium in 7½" pots. These pretty girls are about four months old, only three weeks into flower, and are already as large as small sunflowers. The indica mother of these was our beloved "silver-bud express," so named for the silver crystal covering her, crossed with a potent Colombian male.

—Howling at the Moon
Fla.

and limit the amount of chlorophyll produced by the plant.

Dear Ed,

I heard that if you put a stick through the bottom of the stem a week before harvest this will bring the resin up from the root system. Is this true?

—Tim

Address withheld

No. THC and resin are produced in the leaves and buds, near the glands in which they collect. The resin does not flow up from the



roots. Some growers believe that this stress causes the plants to produce more resin. Actually, the plant probably produces resin and THC to protect the immature seed from predation by birds, insects, mammals and other pests.

Dear Ed,

Two questions from an indoor gardener.

1. Does the photoperiod affect ripening time? For example, if flowering has already been induced with a twelve-hour light cycle, will the buds be ready for harvest sooner if the amount of light is further reduced to ten hours, as opposed to keeping it at twelve?

2. What effect does the photoperiod have on potency? Since Robert Connell Clarke states in *Marijuana Botany* (And/Or Press) that "twice as much THC is produced under a 12-hour photoperiod than under a 10-hour," I was wondering if your practical experience has either supported or refuted this, and if so, to what extent.

—The Ganja Man
St. Louis, Mo.

Marijuana plants that have been adapted to growing in the United States originated from various latitudes between 0 (the equator, includes Colombia, Nigeria, the Congo) and the 30th parallel (Afghanistan, Pakistan, Nepal, Tibet, northern India, Kashmir, Lebanon, Morocco, southern Africa, northern Mexico).

The maturation requirements and dates vary considerably. On the north side of the equator acclimated marijuana matures between late November and mid-January. The day-length varies between 12½ hours on June 21, to 11½ hours on December 21. These plants do not start flowering until after September 21, when light and darkness are evenly divided. Some varieties of Colombian begin in mid-October when the night cycle is more than 12 hours.

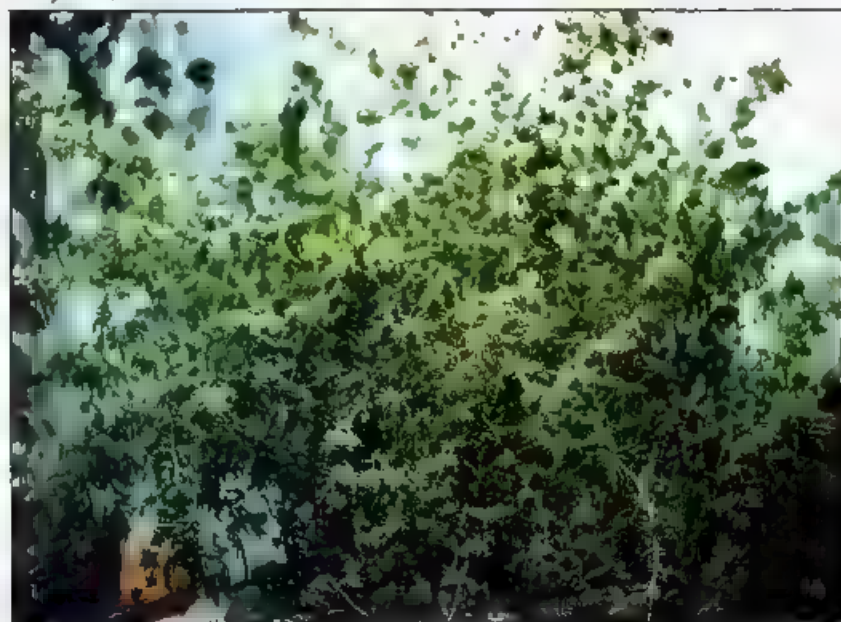
Varieties from the 30th parallel began to flower from late July through mid-August and usually mature from early September through late October. On June 21, sunrise to sunset at the 30th parallel lasts 14 hours, five minutes. Add another 15 minutes on either side to achieve full darkness. On August 1 there are 15 hours of



● **Bud of the Month:**

These "Banana Bud" beauties sizzled with energy, lifting one up almost to an hallucinogenic state. The roof of the greenhouse was ripped off during a hurricane that hit the Texas coast. But, as you can see, marijuana loves stress.

—Tokin' Buddah Ben aka Son of Thai
Fryville, Tex.



● **Plant of the Month:**

This giant bush was ten months old at harvest and yielded eight ounces of superior smoke. It stood about six feet tall and had a five-foot diameter. The buds were densely covered with red, brown and white resin glands, which smelled and tasted very minty. The main stem was about two inches wide at the bottom.

—King of Budeola
Chicago, Ill.

sunlight. (At the 45th parallel there are 15 hours, 37 minutes from sunrise to sunset on June 21. On August 1, there are 14 hours.)

Marijuana from 15th-parallel countries such as Jamaica, Thailand, southern India and southern Mexico mature inter-

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UP WITH GINSENG DOWN WITH COKE

What's with our Connoisseur? First he trashes indica, now he's banned coke heads from reading his column. What's next—lunch at the White House? Controversy by "R"

Stop the presses! "R" is here with a sensational new idea for getting you pathetic cokeheads to give the stuff up.

Did I say "pathetic"? Well, yes. I have to admit I was shocked—shocked!—to discover that readers of my column were actually still using cocaine. Two years ago I denounced the drug as a fraud, I explained carefully to you that most of what passed for cocaine was cut with that dangerous garbage drug phenylpropanolamine, the over-the-counter ingredient in so-called diet drugs and look-alikes. In fact, much of what passed for cocaine had no cocaine in it, only that horrible, head-achy, nerve-racking, fake speed. Frankly, I don't want any cokeheads reading my column. I don't want any diet-drug addicts. You've already been warned by me once to get off that garbage. This is your last warning. From now on, anyone using that disgusting white powder will simply not be permitted to read this column. You are not mentally capable of appreciating the insights I offer. We have ways of enforcing this, so don't think you can get away with it. Meanwhile, for those of you who sincerely want to quit the awful habit but are finding it difficult, I have something that's going to help.

But first let's deal with an issue that may not have been completely resolved in my last denunciation of cocaine. Let's deal with the question of "real" cocaine. Most of you will never have to deal with real cocaine because there is none available to the average weekend consumer. If you buy by the gram you're getting a diet drug, no matter what your dealer says. (And by the way, unlike marijuana merchants,

some of whom can be trusted not to misrepresent their product, no coke dealer can be trusted about anything. It's a rule as immutable as the law of gravity.)

But yes. Let's get back to the question of real coke. In a sense, it's a question only relevant to a few self-destructive freebasing rich people, a Hollywood poseur here, a disco-going dumbbell there. So who cares? One of the wisest things ever said about cocaine was by Robin Williams: "Cocaine is God's way of telling you you have too much money." So, in a sense, these people have richly earned what happens to them when they snort their ill-gotten gains up their noses. Still, the unfortunate thing is that these people often manage to hurt other people on their way to destroying themselves. And every once in a while cocaine claims a victim who deserves better, if only because of what they rob from us when they destroy themselves. I'm thinking of Richard Pryor. And I'm thinking of John Belushi.

Did you read the new biography of Belushi by Bob Woodward, *Wired*? It's really more like an extended autopsy than a biography. But it's actually more than a brilliant work of police reporting. Reading it is like reading a Beckett play about relentless human torment. It's one long, drawn-out tale of exquisitely painful self-torture, starring John Belushi and featuring tons of real coke. Yes, I'm prepared to believe the huge mounds of white stuff Belushi snarfed up was real coke. And I'm also prepared to insist that before you get involved in any real coke you sit down and read this nightmarish book. You'll never be tempted again. It is the perfect illustration of the iron law of co-

caine use: The psychic price you pay is always more painful than the pleasure of the reward you get, and no amount of constant re-rewarding yourself can postpone paying that price.

The other iron law of cocaine is that nobody but nobody can "handle" cocaine. It "handles" you. I don't know how many times I've heard these earnest intense raps from otherwise intelligent coke users about how they can control their usage: they only use it on special occasions, or only for work, or only for pleasure, or only to get through this difficult period in their lives.

Bullshit. No way. By the time you reach the stage where you're earnestly explaining to one and all how you can handle it, you've been handled.

The reason it can't be handled has to do with the psychic dynamic of the drug. One of the few other wise things ever said about cocaine is that "Doing coke is like borrowing energy from the future and paying it back with interest." A medical doctor said that. He was talking specifically about the physiological effect of coke use. The way it temporarily stimulates the neurotransmitters, particularly in the brain's pleasure centers, but leaves them even more drained afterward than they were before. Leaves you, after the 20-minute rush of pleasure, with a 24-hour state of displeasure to cope with. For which you try to borrow more energy with more coke—deplete, lay waste to your future both physiologically and spiritually. You pay for the past in the suffering of the present.

Have I made myself clear? Do you get the picture? Say what you will about marijuana, civilized cultures have handled it for 5,000 years. People handle it today better than people





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handle alcohol and tobacco which are legal and subsidized. But unlike marijuana, which is consumed in the herbal state—unlike coca leaves, which when chewed, as by the natives of the Andes, for refreshment and energy at high altitudes—cocaine is a distillate. As with heroin, all the original herbal groundwork of its being—the organic matrix in which it was embedded in nature—has been burned away, leaving only the pure chemical. Man was not made to ingest this terrifyingly pure isolated alkaloid. The brain can't handle it. The delicate structure of consciousness can't handle it.

The third—and only other—wise thing ever said about cocaine comes from Prof. Andrew Weil, graduate of the Harvard School of Medicine, a specialist in discussing the relation of drugs to culture and consciousness. He made the important distinction between chewing coca leaves for their mild, efficacious stimulant effects, and snorting the white powder cocaine. He made the point that anything in nature that's reduced to a white powder for human consumption tends to do more harm than good, whether it's cocaine, heroin or white sugar.

Now that I've convinced you to quit cocaine—real or fake—I'm ready to reveal to you, and to a breathlessly waiting world, a new solution to the problem of how to kick the cocaine habit. First of all, I'm assuming that you're already running about 30 miles a week since reading my column in July's *HIGH TIMES*, explaining how the running high, the endorphin rush, is not only healthy but the most exquisite high around. So you're in good physical shape. You're getting high from running. (If I find out this is not the case, however, I'm going to have to start cracking down and you won't be allowed to read this column until you've done your 30 miles.)

What you need, to cope with the horrible depression, anxiety, uncertainty and melancholia that accompanies postcocaine recovery, is something natural to make up for the artificial stimulation you've been depending on. Something that doesn't borrow from the future but draws upon the present. Something that's been tested for thousands of years by a number of civilizations. Something whose health benefits are attested to by sages, scholars, scientists, herbalists and healers. But something that still gives you a good rush.

Well, I've got it. It's ginseng. Not

just any ginseng though. Not some powdered stuff in gelatine capsules you pick up at the health-food store. But a special kind of ginseng. Known only to a few connoisseurs. Available from one obscure outlet. But something that works.

I'd been skeptical about ginseng before, largely because most of what I'd tried was fake ginseng, with about as much relation to real ginseng as Dexatrim has to Peruvian mother-of-pearl coke. If you buy these herbal capsules that they label ginseng in health-food stores, you might as well be swallowing dust—which it looks like—for all the effect it has. But there is such a thing as real ginseng. I discovered it almost by accident one day while I was browsing through the famed spice and herb store called Aphrodisia in New York's Greenwich Village.

Now let's get this straight. Aphrodisia, despite its suggestive name, is not a store that merchandises aphrodisiacs. It's a very traditional, almost puritanical herb place. Which is why I was surprised to see any ginseng there. The Aphrodisia people are not of the school that believes in quick quack fixes. They believe in the subtle cumulative natural healing power of fresh herbs, but they never push stimulants as such. Still, there was the ginseng. Five kinds of it, in fact. Each packaged in an exotic-looking bottle with the brand name Dragon's Eggs on them.

The back of the label identified the contents as "Chinese herbs of power," "spiritual nutrition," and then listed the specific varieties of ginseng compounded within.

I bought samples of several varieties and mixtures: Four Ginsengs, Shu Chih Ginseng and Sages' Ginseng. The first two were stimulating, but the third, that Sages' Ginseng, was a knockout.

It was everything the label said. It was an herb of power. A lot of power. A rush of power. A surge of energy not only physical but mental as well. And spiritual. It was spiritual nutrition. It lifted your thoughts to a higher plane of resonance, if you know what I mean.

I sent away for the catalog of the Auro Trading Corporation (Watsonville, CA 95076) to get a further description of this amazing concoction.

"The ultimate step in herbal medicine," they described it in the catalog. "Dragon's Eggs Sages' Ginseng contains wild Chinese ginseng. The cur-

rent price of wild Chinese ginseng is approximately \$3,000 per ounce for small roots, larger ones more expensive. Its effects are very profound on one's spiritual nature. It broadly tonifies the body's basic energy (chi). The basic effects of the tablets are an energizing of the heart/mind function and the contributing of large amounts of energy to the body's storehouse."

Did you catch that? "Contributing energy." Not borrowing from the future. It makes all the difference. You get a definite, prolonged, pleasant rush from this stuff, but you don't drain it from your peace of mind the next day. I've noticed no hangover. No addictive craving for more of it the next day. I think I can handle it. And, anyway, it's a natural herb, not a white powder.

And then one night, while staying up till dawn to read the Belushi biography with the stimulating help of some Sages' Ginseng, an incredible, brilliant idea came to me. Why not use Sages' Ginseng to help get people off coke? A more benevolent form of the therapy that uses methadone to get people off heroin. Get them onto something that gives them a natural, upbeat, good-hearted warm rush. Not the chill, calculating, cynical rush of coke. Then forget all those overpriced detox treatment centers that don't work anyway (most people keep going back for repeated detoxing, so they're never really detoxed). Just switch these people off coke onto running and Sages' Ginseng and I'm sure the success rate would be higher. Or get the detox centers to start using Sages' Ginseng. When I first thought of the idea I was tempted to get into the detox-center racket myself. With a workable gimmick like this I could make a fortune off the rich pathetic fools who fall for the lure of coke.

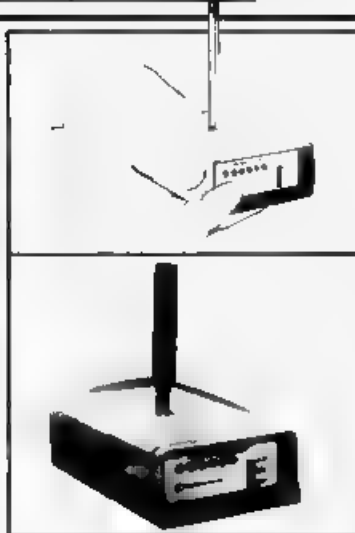
But that's a coke-type scheme. Under the benevolent influence of Sages' Ginseng, I came to the sage and generous conclusion that the world should know about this idea immediately. And so I'm giving this idea away free. Much suffering can be alleviated. If not merely by the rich pathetic fools, then by the innocents among their family and friends they've victimized. Who knows, we might not even need any clinics. Get some of this stuff—it only costs a dollar a tablet for a bottle of 10. Then the next time you're tempted to do a line of coke, drop one of these ginseng tabs, wait a half-hour and start feeling so good you won't need to even think about coke. □

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Ask Ed

/ continued from page 53

mediately between equatorial and 30th-parallel marijuana. Early-late F1 hybrid crosses also mature intermediately.

Since marijuana varieties' maturation habits differ so much, it is impossible to present a flowering timetable applicable to all types. Clarke's observation was valid for some varieties of marijuana; however, equatorial varieties may start flowering only when the number of hours of darkness is a minimum of 12. They may be finished up with more than 12 hours of uninterrupted darkness.

One grower determined the plants' ideal light cycle for flowering by starting with continuous light. After the first two weeks he lowered the number of hours of light the plants received each day by an hour each week. After four weeks the light was on for 22 hours. After 10 weeks it was on for only 16 hours a day. He watched the plants closely. They started to indicate when the light was on a 15-hour regimen. He turned the lights back once more the following week, but then kept the plants at 10 hours of darkness, 14 hours of light. About two weeks before harvest he turned the lights back another hour. He claimed that the turn-back encouraged the flowers to finish up. Mixed gardens can be flowered consecutively, allowing some plants to grow vegetatively while others are flowering. Thirtieth-parallel plants may flower with 8 hours of darkness. Equatorial plants may continue to grow until they receive 12 hours of uninterrupted darkness on a regular basis.

Dear Ed,

My basement growing room gets a bit cool during the winter months. If I disconnect the chimney flue from the gas hot-water heater, will it provide CO₂ while also raising the temperature?

—Name and address withheld

Yes. However, if the propane is burned incompletely, carbon monoxide, an odorless, colorless poisonous gas is produced. Before

entering the room the space should be ventilated with fresh air.

One correspondent, G.J. in Chicago, described his system:

"I purchased dryer hose at the local hardware store and ran it into the grow room. I covered the end with a nylon stocking and ran it into a bucket of water to increase humidity and eliminate the lint. The dryer was used about two hours a day and that was all that was needed. The temperature (and growth rate) increased. Evening temperatures inside the grow room went no lower than fifty-five degrees, even when it was under zero degrees outside."

Dear Ed,

Is dry ice a good way to administer CO₂ to cannabis plants?

—Ice Man

Jackson, Mich.

Dry ice is frozen carbon dioxide, which exists in only a gaseous and a solid state, no liquid. It is easy to use since it evaporates as it warms. The evaporative process takes some time, so the CO₂ is released gradually. At room temperatures one pound of CO₂ equals 8.7 cubic feet.

Do you know your legislators' positions on marijuana? Why not write your legislators, state senator and assemblyperson and U.S. senators and representatives? You might also try local county and city offices. Perhaps you could suggest to them that they allocate the government's limited resources on more worthwhile endeavors than marijuana persecutions.

If you do write, and get any replies, please let me know how each politician you contact stands. If there are enough responses, we can start using the info for strategic political planning. Be discreet and don't admit that you are breaking the law. Write as the concerned citizen that you are.

I welcome questions, inquiries, comments and photos regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. All correspondents whose questions are used will receive a free copy of *Marijuana Growers Guide*. □

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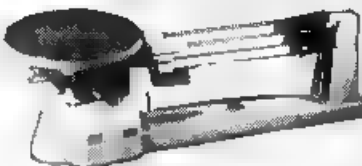
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Hash rebels

/ continued from page 49

The odor of hashish was instantly recognizable in the dry, chilly air of the plateau around the Pakistani customs hut and its miserable mud-walled outbuildings. At the hut, we joined a collection of middle-aged men who were changing their Pakistani paper money into Afghani metal currency. A cluster of refugees were lounging out of the wind on the porch of a shack, large sacks of something or other on the ground beside them, smoking the hashish that

gave the air its special flavor. They looked stoned past the point of shell shock, having just reinfiltrated into Pakistan by God only knows what awful route, as they honked on their burbling hookahs and sipped *chai*, the overpoweringly sweet Khyber blend of tea and mysterious herbs.

About 50 yards behind the customs shed, I presently noticed, was a great roped-off area the size of a ballpark, populated with heavily laden camels, mules, ponies, carts and tribespeople earnestly haggling with each other over great bales of mysterious merchandise. When I asked my acquaintance why

the customs guards seemed to be paying less than no attention to this commercial activity—they were, in fact, resolutely keeping their uniformed backs to the windows—he laughed abruptly, as though it were something so basic and obvious he'd simply not thought to explain it to me.

"That is the *Tribal Area*," he chuckled. "The governments in Kabul and Karachi have a traditional pact with the tribespeople, who are allowed to exchange goods freely at the border, without inspection, as long as they cut both governments in on the profits. These are the Tribal Rules. So hashish moves into Afghanistan, through the Tribal Areas, and opium and morphine move into Pakistan, and everyone gets rich. It is the best sort of justice money can buy."

This was something I had not heard of, in all the reports out of U.S. government agencies on the "Golden Crescent" dope trade. Unslinging my Hassleblad, I wandered casually over toward the Tribal Area, trying for a clear shot of a cartload of bundles of morphine base. A mustachioed badmash with a Kalashnikov appeared to greatly resent the intrusion, however, so I retreated after one quick snap.

The Kalash, one of the tribes whose territory straddles both the Afghani and Pakistani slopes of the Hindu Kush, claim to be Greek, even though none of them appear to have a very concrete idea of where Greece is, or to care. They are very likely correct, too, since they look and dress very much differently from everyone else in the Kush. Instead of turbans, the men wear a peculiar sort of beret they call a *chitrati*, and the women wear beautiful long Mediterranean-style headdresses with scads and rows of tiny seashells—and no one ever would tell me where they found all those seashells in the Himalayas. The Kalash say they're descended from the great Iskander himself—Alexander the Great, who came through the Khyber around 300 B.C. with his Macedonian army and its Persian camp followers. Some of them, the Kalash smuggly relate, recognized that this was the most wonderful place in the world, and stayed here, and so here they are today.

The Kalash are the undisputed nobility of the Hindu Kush, and maybe—as they rather casually maintain—of the whole world. Persian carpets, cashmere robes, Chinese silks, Afghan hunting dogs and jewelry, Indian tea, Himalayan scenery—it doesn't get much fancier than this anywhere on the planet. They inter their dead in wooden caskets aboveground, though, so that the occa-



● Hashish dealers in Peshawar, Pakistan, hawking their wares.

sional glimpse of a decomposing relative will put a rein on everyone's vanity, reminding us all that nothing lasts forever. In fact, the Kalash seem to take a special relish in funeral activity; they mourn each deceased for months on end, meaning that the women are almost always decked out in their magnificent formal mourning costumes.

Their mourning ceremonies also include plenty of hashish-smoking for the men, who are epicures of hashish. "Are you a good Christian boy?" the police chief of a Kalash village asked me gravely when we were introduced. Assured I wasn't, he smiled broadly and said I might be interested in sampling the family's hash—just as a French count might invite you to try a taste of the manor's special vintage.

A murky intuition overtook me in the course of the subsequent hashish meditation. If these people have been here for 2,300 years, with the same costumes and customs and family names all that time, treasuring their noble isolation in these mountain valleys from all the rest of the ignoble world... Well, no wonder these Afghanis won't get their act together and put up a united resistance to the Russians. It could go on until every last Red Army soldier is an irreclaimable dope fiend.

But the best hash I smoked on this expedition was down in the southern part of Afghanistan, near Baluchistan and the Iranian border. The setting had a lot to do with it, an immemorially ancient shrine, the little tomb of some illustrious hero of long ago. I can't remember the departed's name offhand, but his tomb had been looted, desecrated, refurbished, rededicated and plundered again so many times, by so many successive hordes of invaders and reclaimers, that it was also a symbol of the perverse permanence of these mountain traditions over generations of havoc and terror and desolation.

Currently it was a revered shrine again, decked out with beautiful flowers replaced fresh daily by the women-folk. The parishioners, all men, sat around the little tomb, chanting some perversion of Islamic scripture and Persian fire-worship from time to time, and relaxing between prayer sessions with gossip and hashish. Their eyes were brightly bloodshot, their voices harsh with hash-rasp. This was a strenuous ceremony, obviously, maybe a penance of some sort.

When they determined that I was from the United States, where all the craziest *ifrangy* hippies used to come



● Local tribesman toking up—note totally wasted dude in the background.

from before the Soviet occupation, they slyly got out a brick of something they called *ajaja*. This was clearly very special stuff. There was a lump of slow-burning charcoal in the burn bowl of the communal hookah, and into this they crumbled a few rabbit-turds of this grainy brown *ajaja*. The first hit was so strong I could only goggle at the old ruined shrine—why *can't* I remember that hero's name?—and wonder if I would ever live long enough to put the pipe down, exhale all that incredible amount of *dope*, recover, start breathing again, reach out for the pipe, take another hit... It seemed like that was

going to take an awful *long* time, and an inconceivable amount of complicated effort. Then the coughing set in, and that crazy noise I'd been hearing for so long turned out to be all those old guys laughing at me, imitating my *ifrangy* hash-cough.

"*Shakhron*," I said politely after a little while. "I believe I'll try another hit of your *ajaja*." After a much more dignified pull, I found an old pillar to sit against, so that I could look up at the clouds in the sun on the mountaintops, and try to remember that dead hero's name. It hasn't come to me yet, but it's right on the tip of my tongue... □

From the Great Quotations from the Great Presidents Mouths of Knaves

Graciously Collected by Tuli Kupferberg

40½ ASK YOURSELF: AREN'T YOU BETTER off today than you'll be 4 years from now?

Roli Reaganberg
State of Disunion Address,
Nov. 7, 1984

39 THE SHAH HAS OUR SUPPORT AND OUR confidence.

Jimmy Carter
Dec. 12, 1978

38 THEY'RE ALL SAFE. WE GOT THEM ALL out. Thank God. It went perfectly. It just went great.

Gerald Rudolph Ford
after U.S. Marines' rescue of the 39 interned crew members of the S.S. Mayaguez, in May, 1975. However, 41 Americans were killed (and another 50 wounded) during the rescue operation.

37 WHEN THE PRESIDENT DOES IT, THAT means it is not illegal.

Richard M. Nixon

36 I NEVER TRUST A MAN UNLESS I'VE GOT his pecker in my pocket.

Lyndon Baines Johnson

35 WHAT A LOUSY, FUCKED-UP JOB THIS has turned out to be.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy
(to Barry Goldwater)

34 THINGS ARE MORE LIKE THEY ARE NOW than they ever were before.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

33 I HAVE JUST READ YOUR LOUSY REVIEW buried in the back pages. You sound like a frustrated man who never made a success, an eight-ulcer man on a four-ulcer job and all four ulcers working.

I never met you, but if I do you'll need a new nose and a supporter below.

Harry S. Truman
letter to Paul Hume of the Washington Post who had unfavorably reviewed a musical performance by his daughter, Margaret

32 AND WHILE I AM TALKING TO YOU mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but



I shall say it again and again and again. Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt
(third-term campaign speech,
Boston, Oct. 30, 1940)

31 PROSPERITY IS JUST AROUND THE corner.

attributed to **Herbert Hoover**,
1931, but later repudiated

30 I THINK THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WANTS a solemn ass as President and I think I'll go along with them.

Calvin Coolidge

29 MEMORANDUM
From: **Warren G. Harding**
President of the United States
To: White House Staff
Subject: Toothpicks

Please see that these are placed on all the tables.

(signed) **WGH**

28 THE MASTERS OF THE GOVERNMENT of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States.

Thomas Woodrow Wilson
1913

27 WHEN THEY SAY "MISTER PRESIDENT" I always look around and expect to see Roosevelt.

William Howard Taft

26 [THEODORE] ROOSEVELT LED HIS MEN down the little descent at the other side of Kettle Hill, still waving his sabre and shouting encouragingly at them. Just as they approached the edge of the little pond something, either a bullet or a piece of shell, struck him on the back of the hand and made a slight wound. That moment Roosevelt was the happiest man in Cuba. He was mighty glad of the wound and, incidentally, probably, mighty glad that it was no worse. He waved his hand proudly in the air so that the men who were near enough to him could see the blood, and shouted:

"I've got it, boys! I've got it!"

Theodore Roosevelt

25 WE SHALL NEVER MAKE WAR EXCEPT for peace

William McKinley
speech at El Paso, May 6, 1901

24 (AND 22) SENSIBLE AND RESPONSIBLE women do not want to vote. The relative positions to be assumed by man and woman in the working out of our civilization were assigned long ago by a higher intelligence than ours.

Grover Cleveland
Ladies Home Journal,
April, 1905

23 WHEN PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON saw a man forced by the depression to eat grass on the White House lawn he had only one suggestion for him—that he go around to the back where the grass was longer.

Benjamin Harrison

21 BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
A Proclamation.

Whereas in His inscrutable wisdom it has pleased God to remove [by assassination by a "disappointed office seeker"] from us the illustrious head of the nation, **James A. Garfield**, late President of the United States, and

Whereas it is fitting that the deep grief which fills all hearts should manifest itself with one accord toward the throne of infinite grace, and that we should bow before the Almighty and seek from Him that consolation in our affliction and that sanctification of our loss which He is able and willing to vouchsafe.

Now, therefore, in obedience to sacred duty and in accordance with the desire of the people, I, **Chester A. Arthur**, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Monday next, the 26th day of September—on which day the remains of our honored and beloved dead will be consigned to their last resting place on earth—to be observed throughout the United States as a day of humiliation and mourning; and I



earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to render alike their tribute of sorrowful submission to the will of Almighty God and of reverence and love for the memory and character of our late Chief Magistrate

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the 22nd day of September, A.D. 1881, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and sixth

Chester A. Arthur

"What a lousy, fucked-up job this has turned out to be."

—John F. Kennedy

20 THE PRESIDENT IS THE LAST PERSON IN the world to know what the people really want and think.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

19 IT IS THE RECOGNIZED DUTY AND PURPOSE of the people of the United States to suppress polygamy where it now exists in our territories and to prevent its extension . . . The Mormon sectarian organization which upholds polygamy has the whole power of making and executing the local legislation of the Territory [of Utah] . . . It is not a case for halfway measures . . . The sanctity of marriage and the family relation are the cornerstone of our American society and civilization . . . To reestablish the interest and principles which polygamy and Mormonism have imperiled, and to fully reopen to intelligent and virtuous immigrants of all creeds that part of our domain which has been in a great degree closed to general immigration by intolerant and immoral institutions, it is recommended that the government of the Territory of Utah be reorganized.

Rutherford B. Hayes
State of the Union Address,
Dec. 6, 1880

18 I KNOW OF NO METHOD TO SECURE THE repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.

Ulysses S. Grant
Inaugural Address,
March 4, 1869

17 THE PECULIAR QUALITIES WHICH should characterize any people who are fit to decide upon the management of public affairs for a great state have seldom been combined. It is the glory of white men to know that they have had these qualities in sufficient measure to build upon this continent a great political fabric and to preserve its stability for more than ninety years, while in every part of the world all similar experiments have failed. But if anything can be proved by known facts, if all reasoning upon evidence is not abandoned, it must be acknowledged that in the progress of nations negroes have shown less capacity for government than any other people. No independent government of any form has ever been successful in their hands. On the contrary, wherever they have been left to their own devices they have shown a constant tendency to relapse into barbarism.

Andrew Johnson
Third Annual Message to
Congress, Dec. 3, 1867

16 . IF I COULD SAVE THE UNION WITHOUT freeing any slave I would do it . . .

Abraham Lincoln
letter to Horace Greeley,
Aug. 22, 1862



15 BUT FIRST AND ABOVE ALL OUR thanks are due to Almighty God for the numerous benefits which He has bestowed upon this people, and our united prayers ought to ascend to Him that He would continue to bless our great Republic in time to come as He has blessed it in time past. Since the adjournment of the last Congress our constituents have enjoyed an unusual degree of health. The earth has yielded her fruits abundantly and has bountifully rewarded the toil of the husbandmen. Our great staples have commanded high prices, and up till within a brief period our manufacturing, mineral, and mechanical occupations have largely partaken of the general prosperity. We have possessed all the elements of material wealth in rich abundance, and yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, our country in its monetary interests is at the present moment in a deplorable condition. In the midst of unsurpassed plenty in all the productions of agriculture and in all the elements of national wealth, we find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to want.

James Buchanan
First Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 8, 1857

14 THE ERECTION OF AN ASYLUM FOR THE insane of the District of Columbia and of the Army and Navy of the United States has been somewhat retarded by the great demand for materials and labor during the past summer, but full preparation for the

reception of patients before the return of another winter is anticipated; and there is the best reason to believe, from the plan and contemplated arrangements which have been devised, with the large experience furnished within the last few years in relation to the nature and treatment of the disease, that it will prove an asylum indeed to this most helpless and afflicted class of sufferers.

FRANKLIN PIERCE
First Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 5, 1853

13 BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A Proclamation.

Whereas information has been received that sundry lawless persons, principally persons of color, combined and confederated together for the purpose of opposing by force the execution of the laws of the United States, did, at Boston, in Massachusetts, on the 15th of this month, make a violent assault on the marshal or deputy marshals of the United States for the district of Massachusetts, in the court-house, and did overcome the said officers, and did by force rescue from their custody a person arrested as a fugitive slave, and then and there a prisoner lawfully holden by the said marshal or deputy marshals of the United States, and other scandalous outrages did commit in violation of the law:

Now, therefore, to the end that the authority of the laws may be maintained and those concerned in violating them brought to immediate and condign punishment, I have issued this my proclamation, calling on all well-disposed citizens to rally to the support of the laws of their country, and requiring and commanding all officers, civil and military, and all other persons, civil or military, who shall be found within the vicinity of this outrage, to be aiding and assisting by all means in their power in quelling this and other such combinations and assisting the marshal and his deputies in recapturing the above-mentioned prisoner; and I do especially direct that prosecutions be commenced against all persons who shall have made themselves aiders or abettors in or to this flagitious offense; and I do further command that the district attorney of the United States and all other persons concerned in the administration or execution of the laws of the United States cause the foregoing offenders and all such as aided, abetted, or assisted them or shall be found to have harbored or concealed such fugitive contrary to law to be immediately arrested and proceeded with according to law.

Given under my hand and the seal of the United States this 18th day of February, 1851

FRANKLIN PIERCE
/ continued on page 79



ONE WHITE TAB PART III

We are all one—

That was the eternal truth
that dissolved into his brain behind
250 micrograms of acid. But getting down
to material reality posed certain problems.
Concluding our tale of psychic exploration.
by William Meyers



I was alone, I took a ride,
I didn't know what I would find there.
Another road where maybe I
could see another kind of mind there.
Ooh then I suddenly see you,
ooh did I tell you I need you
ev'ry single day of my life?
Got to get you into my life.

—from *Revolver*
The Beatles, 1966

*As we made our way back down
the steep side of Strawberry Hill—
leaving behind the hanging gardens
of paradise—I remembered Meryl, as
though she'd been locked in a back room
of my mind, where I wouldn't have to
confront her until I was ready.*

*"I should be getting back home,"
I said "I still need to talk to Meryl.
She'll be getting up soon."*

*"Just another hour," said Walt. "Give
it another hour. Believe me, Gene, it'll
make all the difference in the world."*

"All right."

The Swedenborg Sauna was in an innocuous building on upper Market Street, squeezed between a motel and a burger joint. The early morning light glared against all the California stucco. Once we were inside the door, though, the mood changed radically. The light in the waiting lounge was dim, some kind of Oriental music was playing in the background, and the blonde, athletic-looking woman behind the desk seemed to hold some secret behind her eyes. As we waited, a couple came out and left, appearing radiant and refreshed.

Just as our turn came up, Barb arrived.

"Hi, sweet thing," said Walt, giving her a big grin and a hug. "For a minute I thought you weren't going to make it."

"Gosh, am I late?" she said, a hint of actual concern crossing her face.

"Not at all, baby, not at all," he replied, giving her another hug, a little harder and more enveloping this time. "We're here, we're now—we're all *right on time*. Right, Gene?" He gave me a little knowing nudge.

"Gene's been tripping pretty heavy tonight," he added. "We both have. I don't know if I could ever describe it to you so you'd understand."

"I know I wouldn't understand," said Barb. "I don't have to take LSD to know you couldn't describe it to me. I've seen you on it enough to know that."

"You're next, baby," he said, with a faintly lascivious chuckle.

Bill Pearson

"Oh, no!" she said, with an outraged giggle. "Not me. I'd freak out for sure."

"That's the trouble with you, Barb," he replied in a sudden flat tone that slid right by me.

What did he say? I was thinking, as we entered our assigned sauna. Did he really say what I thought he said? That could have been the first blow in a fight... Did he mean to say that?

"Ooh, what a nice little room," she said, doffing her clothes immediately and stepping into the shower.

Good heavens, she missed it! Or did she ignore it?

I scrutinized Barb for some sign of awareness beyond the overlay of cheerful "cuteness" that I imagined had been superimposed on her at an early age by fawning, suburban parents. If there were other types of thoughts and feelings below the surface, she was very good at concealing them.

The sauna was paneled immaculately in redwood. We hung our clothes on round pegs doweled into the door. As we showered, I realized I was having to make an effort to keep my visual attention in its proper place—that is, away from Barb's body. She was short—little more than five feet, I guessed—but with the ideal proportions of Greek statuary. That, in fact, was how she was making it through college, according to Walt—modeling for the art department—when he first met her (and no doubt dazzled her with his mind) in some psychology class. She was anything but statuesque in her movements, though. Every way she moved her body—the way she took little steps when she walked, the way she gave her butt an extra little jiggle, even the way she curled her blondish hair—was somehow quick and "cute." A heavy, heavy overlay, I thought. *Is the real Barb—Barbara, surely—in there somewhere still?*

We sat down on the lowest of the three benches made of redwood one-by-fours that rose in tiers against the back wall.

"Here's what you do now," said Walt, still the guide. A wooden bucket with a dipper in the classic style had been provided, next to a kind of pedestal that must have been electrically heated, its top shaped into a kind of basin lined with large, round stones. He ladeled out a dipperful of water and poured it on the stones.

A cloud of steam rose up with a hiss.

"Wow," I said, taken aback by the sudden blast of heat on my face and

easing back and up to the next higher bench.

"It gets hotter the higher you go, Gene," said Walt. "Lie down if you start to feel faint."

Inexplicably taking this as a kind of challenge, I moved back up to the top bench. Walt chuckled in his knowing way and dippered some more water onto the stones. For a few moments the steam obscured our vision entirely. The heat roiled toward me.

Gasping, I laid down on the top bench, then groped for the next lower one, but couldn't find it. It felt as if the acid had suddenly come on again as heavy as ever. White spots and pulsating blotches of electric black swarmed before me.

"Hoo boy, Walt, it's coming on again," I heard myself saying.

"Just breathe deep, Gene. Just stay relaxed. Try counting your breaths from one to ten—then back from ten to one."

I couldn't have done that if I'd tried. The sound of one breath—inhaling, then exhaling—was enough to shatter my attention into shards. "When I breathe in, I live. When I breathe out, I die," I said. "The whole universe is like that."

"Note that down, Barb," I could hear Walt saying, still grooving, it seemed, on my babbling.

I was losing myself again in the countless micro-droplets which formed the clouds of steam. There were rainbows within rainbows, no matter how close in to the droplets you could get, no matter how microscopically you could strain your gaze—the rainbows receded, like mirror mirroring mirror, into an infinite, rainbow-hued depth.

I held up one hand and waved it slowly back and forth through the steam. It trailed strong, vibrating after-images wherever I moved it. Were the vibrations the nipples of disturbance my hand created, resonating through the droplets of moisture in the air? Or weren't they both—vibes and droplet-waves, image and after-image—the same?

"Should I live or should I die... it's up to me..." I was saying—or something like that, I gathered, from what they told me later.

"What do you think, Barb?" Walt's voice said. "He sounds spaced out to me."

"He's happy. He's stoned," came her sweet-natured voice.

"Come on," he said. "What he

needs is a good rubdown to get him into his body. You take his legs, I'll take his back."

"What are you doing?" I asked, as they picked me up and laid me on the lowest bench.

"Don't think, old buddy," Walt muttered as he placed his fist in the middle of my back and bore down on it with the palm of his other hand. "Just feel."

Lightninglike rays of Holy white exploded from the diamond core of reality, which was like the pineal gland of God... or a single vertebra... readjusting...

"Good God, what a crack!" Walt bellowed with delight. "How long has it been since you've had your back cracked, Gene?"

"Never."

He laughed. "What a storm deck! Where did you get a back like that? You're not carrying the world on your shoulders, are you?"

I thought about that. "Sometimes," I said, "it feels like that."

"Then shrug it off, my man, and stop worrying. There's nothing you can do about it, anyway. You might as well enjoy it while you can."

"You don't understand," I said.

"Yes, I do," he replied, shutting me down with another quick, unexpected jolt to the spinal column. *Another flash*, with a shower of blue sparks this time.

"Come on, Barb, do your thing," he said. "Get on his legs."

She stopped massaging my calves with her hands. "Of course," she said, sounding elated. "That's just what he needs."

"I don't need anything," I murmured, my head hanging over the end of the bench now, my hair hanging to the floor. Beyond all willingness to resist, I trusted them as a baby would trust its parents giving it a bath.

Barb stepped up onto my back then, and, starting on the broad, hard support of my sacrum, began walking—one careful, tentative step at a time, up my spine—pressing down with her full weight on the ball of each foot, on each successive vertebra. More cracks, and crackling white light in my mind... One thing Barb had for sure was telepathic feet. After getting to my neck, she started over again at the bottom, walking this time up the thick, muscular slope on either side of my spine. This was less intense, but more pleasurable. Each step she took now seemed to leave a different-

colored, blossoming flower in its place.

"Here, you massage his shoulders while I do his neck," said Walt. "Gene, just relax now. Take a deep breath—then slowly let it out." Walt had gently grasped both sides of my head as Barb, kneeling on my scapulae, kneaded my shoulders with her thumbs. Before I could think about what Walt was doing, he twisted my head sharply, producing a crack—or more of a *pop*—that was audible to all of us. What they did next, or how I ended up standing and hugging both of them, I don't know, but for some timeless space I was floating... ascending... through clouds of pure, billowing electricity that, I eventually realized, were emanating from my entire body.

"It's your liberated aura," Walt explained. "We're all bathing in it now."

I was incapable of saying anything. I only wanted to keep hugging them both. Walt could not have been more different from Barb physically—taller than me and taller than Barb by at least a foot, large and endomorphic—but they were complementary expressions of the same, one being. To me they were like the new Adam and Eve; their image could have been burned with lasers onto platinum and rocketed into outer space as a representation of the human race.

As the three of us looked into each other's eyes, a realization of our essential sameness—our *oneness*—passed through us. One hand touching wet and glistening skin felt the same thing six hands felt—and our six hands were one hand. Nobody said anything, but the words *I love you* were unmistakably in our head.

"Gene," said Walt, breaking the long and blissful silence, "I don't know quite how to say this... I don't want to give you the wrong idea... but I think you understand... I hope so, anyway. Ever since I got stoned myself I've known that all of us contain both male and female—that there are different proportions in all of us. I've known that it's somehow not enough—absurdly limiting, really—for me to love just female... I mean, I love Barb, but somehow I'm still incomplete. Somehow Barb's not enough. You know that, Barb... right? Don't you, babe? We've talked about this. What I mean to say is..."

His voice trailed off. Barb looked perplexed. The self-consciousness was

bringing us down fast. To see Walt at a loss for words was a shock in itself. Words had never seemed so unnecessary or inadequate. I looked into his eyes in a way that I hoped would allay the pain of his embarrassment and tried to search the deepest passages of his head that I could reach, so that he wouldn't need to say this stuff.

Oh, my. It was like opening a little door and staring into a roaring blast furnace. I shut the door again and withdrew.

"I love you both," I said. "I'll never forget this. But I think I should go home now. I love Meryl, too."

Walt
had gently
grasped both
sides of my
head as Barb
kneaded my
shoulders
with her
thumbs.

Walt drove me back to Meryl's apartment in the Haight. Barb had had to part from us to go for a long-planned visit with her parents. It was Sunday.

As we neared the end of our trip together, I said to Walt, "How can anybody go through something like this and not be changed forever?"

"You can't," he said. "We're changed for good. In some very important ways you *don't come down*."

It was time to get out of the car. I knew if we got into more discussion of the trip, it would take too long to get

out. But Walt got me to pause for a second by giving me a book.

"Here," he said, in a solemn and subdued tone. "I've been meaning to give you this. Now is the best time. I think it might throw a lot of light on this trip we've just taken." It was Hesse's *Siddhartha*.

"Thank you, Walt," I said, as sincerely as I could possibly feel.

After his station wagon had disappeared into the flow of traffic on Oak Street, I had this powerful urge to cross the street and personally hug every tree in the Panhandle. There they were, swaying and dancing in the breeze, just a little less shockingly and breathtakingly than last night. I wanted to tell them, "I'm with you guys—what few of you who are left. I know where it's at now. You'll always have me for a friend." But what the hell—they knew it anyway. There were more pressing matters.

When I opened the door to the apartment, everything was quiet, but bright with San Francisco morning light. It was about nine. I figured Meryl and Andy must both be asleep—sleeping late like we usually did on Sunday.

I took off my shoes, emptied the sand that was in them into a wastebasket, and laid down on the bed next to Meryl. I snuggled up to her back, molded myself to her body and put my arm around her, hoping to wake her quietly and gently.

"Finally," she said, wide awake. She turned over and looked at me. Her brown eyes were wide open and clear and one-pointed in their focus.

"Walter Weir gives me the creeps," she said.

"Come on—you just don't see his good points," I said, taken aback.

"It's true. I don't."

She wasn't pissed anymore, just unrestrainedly saying where she thought it was at. "You're stoned, aren't you?" I said.

"You guessed it."

"What's been happening?"

"After you left last night, I figured I wasn't going to get to sleep, I was feeling so weird and uptight. So I took that cap of mescaline I've had stashed all this time."

"I knew it was something like that," I said. "I'm about twice as stoned already as I was when I came in."

Our eyes locked for a moment, and the kaleidoscopes began to whirl—but she averted hers then, wanting to continue. Our heads were erupting, and the silence was thick. A scratching

sound from across the room caught our attention. The breeze from the back window was blowing one of the venetian-blind cords against the wall. The plastic nub on the end of the cord was scratching against the plaster.

"I thought that was your fingernail last night," I said. "I'm glad it wasn't."

"What fingernail?" she said, holding her ten fingers up at once, all chewed down to the nub.

"What have you got to be so worried about?" I said, trying to comprehend the depth of her obsessions.

"Lots," she said, getting out of bed and putting on her jeans and a blouse. "But I'm not worried now—right now I'm seeing things pretty clear."

I could have laid there in bed with Meryl all day, but helped her make the bed as we talked.

"Anyway," she continued, "there I was peaking on mescaline, wishing you would come back, wishing I hadn't been so uptight, feeling like shit for coming on to you like that on your first trip, but hating Walter Weir anyway for making me come on like that—and then Randy shows up."

"Randy?" I said, feeling my throat tighten on the word. Randy was Andy's father—Meryl's ex-old man. She'd been in the middle of divorcing him when I first met her. "I thought he was back East."

"I thought he was, too. But there he was at the door—back in town again. What a thing to face when you're peaking..."

I could imagine what a heavy thing it was, but I realized I didn't feel very stoned anymore. Other, more familiar emotions were welling up.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I told him I was stoned. He understood. I trust him, you know. He's okay. He may not like to get stoned himself, but he respects the high."

"So what did you do?"

"We took a long walk together—went up to Twin Peaks and sat in the grass there for a long time, talking about the stuff we had to talk about. I wasn't so mindblown that I couldn't carry on a conversation."

"Are you kidding?" I said. "This is really too much. I mean, this is far fucking out, Meryl! I was on Twin Peaks last night, too. With Walt."

"People tend to go to places like that when they trip, I guess," she said, not too impressed.

"Mornin'," said Andy, shuffling into the room in his jumpsuit pajamas and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"What you guys doin'?"

"Hi, Poopsie," said Meryl. "Want breakfast?"

What a sweet being Andy was. His eyes were brown and expressive like Meryl's—like his father's, too, I was told—but with none of the knowledge and experience of years' worth of hurt and hate and guilt and self-consciousness behind them—only wonder.

"Ya still livin' at our house, Gene?" he said, feeling my attention.

"Good question, Andy," I replied.

"We're all living here together, Poops," said Meryl.

He didn't stand much higher than

"Sometimes,"
she said,
"the only way
to get past
a bum trip
is to go
right through
the middle
of it."

my knee, and had this squeaky, doll-like voice, but he was a telepathic kid. How much could he be aware of in his sleep? Probably a lot—at least at the deeper levels. And especially with his folks in the next room tapped in to the cosmic energies.

While he was eating, Meryl suggested we go somewhere where it would be easier to talk. We decided to go to the beach, where there were plenty of things for Andy to do. He sat between us in the front seat of my VW bus, babbling on in his pleasant two-year-old way, commenting on the passing marvels. I was acutely aware

of the putt-putting, fume-belching engine in the back that was pushing our precious bodies along in our bouncing, flimsy tin can.

We went to Land's End and dug the breakers and the seals barking on the rocks while Andy played in the sand with his plastic shovel and pail. The ocean was the same vast, life-containing being that it had been last night—so long ago—but different now as the sun from the moon. It was deep blue and rough with whitecaps, and the sun glinted on the spindrift flying from its cresting waves. It was taking the shore by force, and wearing away the concrete foundations that were all that was left of the old Sutro Bathhouse.

Surf's up.

"What did you talk about with Randy?" I said—a question that had the charge of having been carried around in my head for a while.

"Whether we should get back together, of course. What else could we talk about at this point... He wants that. He's still hurt. He's just drifting still. It's tempting for both of us to do it together again. It would be so easy. All the insecurities and fears blown away just like that! There's a strength the two of you have together that you miss when you're alone."

Her eyes were wet, and I knew the best thing I could do was keep looking at the ocean and say nothing.

"But then would come the fights," she went on, getting it together. I know it would be wrong. I can't let myself get into it with him again."

"You told him that?"

"Yes. He knows it now."

"And what about me?"

"What about you?"

"Where do I fit in now?"

"Where do you want to fit in?"

"With you."

"What about him?" she said, nodding toward Andy, who was standing, pail and shovel in hand, ankle-deep in the swirling foam. "He's with me, too."

"That's fine," I said. "I like Andy. He's a nice kid."

"Then we have to depend on you to not walk out on us if it gets uptight."

I was slow responding to that one—it was hard to integrate. Somehow I felt like she was asking too much.

"I mean, what can I tell you," she said. "Sometimes I get uptight. But especially if I think you're going to just pull the plug on me and walk out the door with some asshole."

"You really need to be more tolerant

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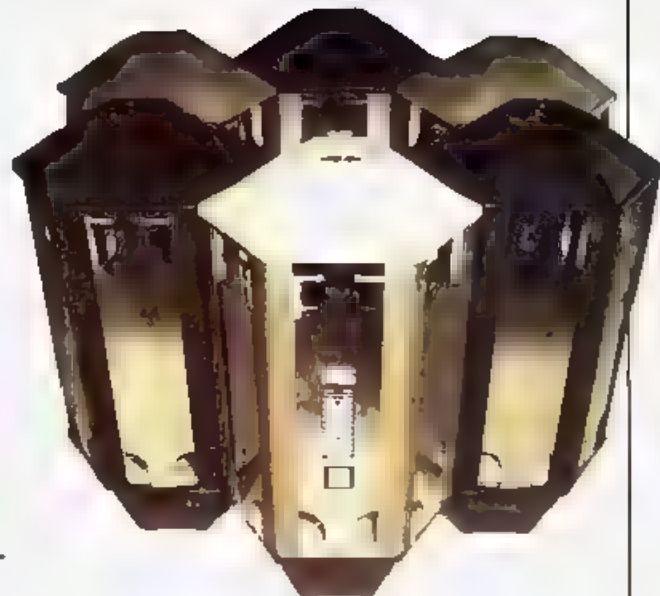
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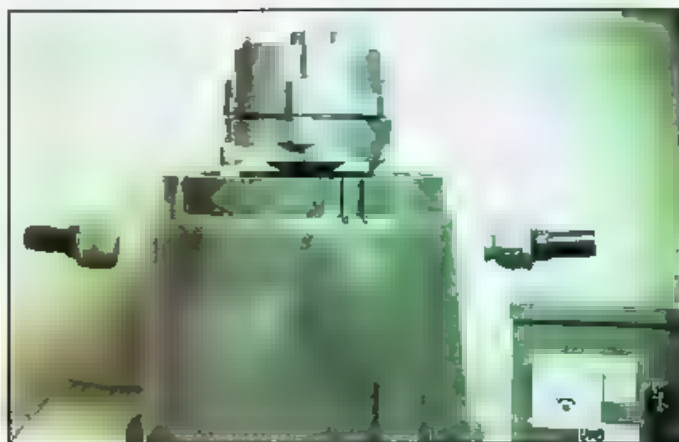
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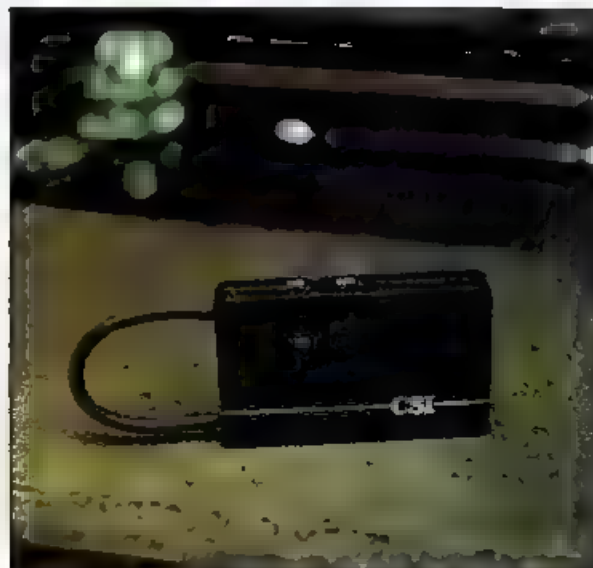
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There is now a new product on the market that not only lets you know if there is somebody transmitting your conversation with a radio-frequency transmitter, but will also allow you to pinpoint the location of it down to within an inch.

CSI is a new company that for the first time is offering a device of this type for \$249.50. Up until this point you would have had to pay hundreds more for this type of eavesdropping protection. The Informer is just the size of a credit card and only a half-inch thick. It weighs only 1.7 ounces. The Informer will soon be on sale through your local novelty shop or may be ordered by mail directly through the manufacturer. Just send check or money order to Countersurveillance Systems, Inc., 1032 Elwell Ct., Suite 112, Palo Alto, CA 94303. We also take COD orders by calling (415) 964-4119. All orders will be shipped immediately and in confidence.



My friend the gambler

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box with little holes punched in the side. And in pencil, written in longhand: BURGLAR ALARM and also: TARANTULA! DO NOT OPEN!

Just think of that. And I had spent so much money on Westec Security.

We sat and drank awhile. Cosmos just went on and on about Tom Jones.

"What for, I need Tom Jones?"

"He cost me ten thousand!"

"Who is this Tom Jones? He looks like a fuckin' fool!"

Sasoon mentioned some of his ideas for the documentary and then I got out of there...

I saw Cosmos at the track the next day. He too had a Mexican Special.

"Jean has me on an allowance. This is my two-weeks allowance. I've got to win. He makes me write. He stands over me in this black shirt while I write. I'm like a slave. I must win!"

Then he put his head into the racing form. I told him I was going to get a coffee. I didn't want to spoil his concentration. I knew that he was going to buy a mass of daily-double tickets.

I met my friend the shrink who ran a nightclub and pushed drugs. He needed three jobs to support his horse habit.

"You need anything?" he asked. "I've got good stuff. Whatever you want, name it."

"Nothing right now, thanks."

I got down 20 win on a four-to-one shot and the race was off. I came in a distant second and went over to where Cosmos was sitting. He showed me all his losing daily-double tickets. It was like seeing an old movie all over again.

Cosmos lost all day long.

"Well, there went my allowance," he said. "Maybe I can get a two-weeks advance."

It was very sad. I got him a drink at the bar.

He lifted his drink.

"Life is for nothing," he said...

I phoned Cosmos that night. Sasoon was off somewhere. There was an answering machine. Cosmos' voice was on it:

"I AM NOT IN AND I WILL NEVER BE IN. YOU CAN LEAVE A MESSAGE BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD WHOEVER YOU ARE, I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU OR HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY. IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO SOMEBODY, TALK TO THIS MACHINE. I DON'T WANT TO TALK."

I waited for the beep.

"All right, machine, go suck yourself off—"

A voice broke in, "Oh, it's you, Ank—"

"You all right, Steve?"

"I drink the wine and feel the pain... When I come home there are two black guys in this house. They have a knife. 'Give us the money,' they say. 'What money?' I ask. 'There's no money. I need your money!' I have this long stick, I hit them over the head with this stick. They run out of the house and I chase them with the stick! Jean is out somewhere fucking. He thinks that burglar alarm works. It's no good."

"You sure you're all right?"

"Yes, I drink the wine and feel the pain..."

I didn't see Steve at the track for a week or so. Good, I thought, he's busy writing his life's story.

Then I got a call from Jean.

"You should see this place now! Steve has planted a vegetable garden, built a barbecue and put a fireplace in the house!"

"A fireplace?"

"Yeah, we went out one night and stole some bricks."

"I'm sorry you can't get rid of my screenplay, Jean."

"Don't worry. We will. Why don't you come out? Steve is barbecuing some chicken—"

"Stolen?"

"Oh, no, we got a good buy. Come on out..."

It was a Sunday. A terrible day at the track, anyhow. Cristina and I drove out. When we got there everybody was on the red wine and Steve was quite drunk. There were eight or 10 people there. I didn't know who they were. There were no introductions. But they were all into film and they were all Europeans. Which, of course, beats people being into film and being Americans.

Steve had burnt the chicken. It was black and hard on the outside and the insides were raw. And the salad was demented. Stacks of paper plates were everywhere but nobody had eaten, although some had tried. Cosmos just sat and smiled. He had on a chef's hat but there was a smear of dirt halfway up. The eight or 10 people were broken up into groups and didn't seem to like each other.

"Look what Steve did!" Jean waved his arm.

And it was quite a sight. It was obvious that things had been planted. There were paths and designs. It was marvelously done. Poor Steve had busted his ass. And there were chickens and ducks running about the yard.

"We will have our own heggs," said Cosmos. Then he gulped off his paper cup of wine.

"Come and see the fireplace," said Jean.

Cristina and I went in with Jean and there it was. Quite professionally done. Cosmos could do all these things. Spoke many languages. And the garden too had been very professional, very artistic. Steve had taken husbandry or whatever the hell you call it at the university.

We went back in the yard and began on the red wine. Over the fence little black faces watched. Steve threw them pieces of black chicken. Cosmos and Sasoon had settled into the ghetto...

The next time I saw Cosmos I was at the night harness races. He had a big handful of money, fifties and hundreds, and he was with a couple of women and a guy. Steve introduced me. The guy seemed very intelligent, well balanced. Jean was to tell me later that he was from the French Mafia. They gave Steve money whenever he asked for it. One time

Steve had done time rather than reveal something he knew about them, which would have gotten him off.

Steve rushed off to bet and the Mafia guy said to me, "He's crazy."

"I never thought about it that way," I told him.

Steve did hit one exacta that night so he only dropped a couple hundred. I saw the Mafia guy hand him some money for the last race.

I made \$68 and drove back on in.

The documentary didn't interest me too much. Jean had picked up a soundman and a cameraman and I got drunk and answered his questions. It was strange when I saw the playbacks, though—I said many odd things, I had no idea that all these things were crawling in my brain. Well, all right.

But Jean said it would take some weeks. But when you're drinking it's not really work. That's the way I write. But this is supposedly about my friend the gambler, so let me say he had to go to Vegas with a buddy and they were going to rip off the wheel up there. One of Steve's main problems was that he won it crooked and then he'd lose it back honest.

So Cosmos was gone, and then Sasoon had to make a run to Paris and so the house in the ghetto was empty, and an arrangement had been made with a neighbor to feed the chickens and the ducks.

It was strange to me that I had gotten so involved with these two Frenchmen, and me being of German extraction, even having been born there. But they didn't feel like the enemy to me. I could never have dealt with Americans the same way, I just didn't like them. The only good American guys are in the madhouses and jails, and the women are very hostile and obvious. Well, so, anyhow...

I was at the track and I looked up and there's Cosmos.

"Ank," he said, "I got back, went to the place, and it's locked tight, I don't have a key, I don't know what I did with my key. I got to wait for Jean to get back. What'll I do?"

"There's my place. I have an extra bedroom."

"I'll pay you," he said, "look. . ."

He showed me his wallet. It was so full of hundreds that he could hardly fold it to get it into his pocket.

"No money," I said.

"All right," he said, "we'll do it this way. Whoever wins at the track each day buys the meals and drinks."

"Suppose we both lose?" I asked.

"Are we that bad?"

"Some of us are."

So I drove out to the track each day with a companion. He was still the worst horseplayer I had ever met. He managed to fall upon the worst short-priced horse race after race. And his horses didn't even run. They just wearily trailed the field each race at prices like 5/2, 6/5, 3 to one, 7 to 2. How he could keep doing this so consistently I had no idea. But he did.

I took him to various places for dinner.

Once he complained, "This place is not as nice as some of those other places we've been."

"Maybe not," I answered, "but just this once, force the food and drink down somehow. . ."

Cosmos liked a couple of drinks before and a couple after dinner.

Afterwards we'd go back to my place and I'd open the wine and we'd sit there and then he'd want to watch the TV.

So we drank and watched TV. Since he was the guest I let him select the programs. He liked the situation comedies with laugh tracks, the family, middle-class bits. Total nightmares of stupidity. You could guess each new line before it arrived. Steve laughed often: "Oh, this is very funny!"

I put it down as a difference in cultures.

Meanwhile, Cosmos could easily fold his wallet. The hundreds had gotten down to where he could glance at them in a moment.

"You ought to stick to roulette," I had told him.

"It doesn't matter," Cosmos had said, "money is for nothing."

"Yeah," I had said, laying out my American Express card to the waiter

Yes, I know I'm taking too long to tell this, but I want you to get the full flavor, whether it matters or not. It really means something but what it means I'm not sure. What are you doing now, anyhow? Just resting or hiding. Rest and hide within this crap...

Sasoon came back and rescued me, I got the call about noon, it was a Monday and nothing was running.

"They stole all the ducks and chickens, they broke in here and got all the food and the wine and all our clothes. They took everything but the typewriter, I don't think they knew what it was."

"Jeez, that's rough. . . Steve's been staying with me. He lost the key to your place."

"Hell, they didn't need a key! Has Steve been working on his life story?"

"Mostly, I guess, he's been living it."

"Could you put him on the phone?"

They spoke in rapid French. Cosmos waved his free arm. His pink face became red. They yelled at each other for five or six minutes. Then Steve hung up.

"He's like a father! He wants me to write! I'm no writer! He's going to stand behind me! Can you write with somebody standing behind you?"

"Not unless it's death."

"It's terrible with him! Each day he asks me, 'How many pages did you write?'"

"Writing's like fucking," I told him, "you have to want to do it and then sometimes you fail."

"I don't even want to fuck. Afterwards you have a woman around. What do you do with her? I jack-off! I jack-off to the walls!"

"Well, anyhow, Steve, father wants you back"

"You got any more beer?"

"Sure."

Cosmos drank four bottles of beer, got into his Mexican Special, backed out the drive and was gone. A lucky day for me: two writers in one house were one too many.

Now I could get something done. I took out a coin. Heads I jacked-off, tails I wrote.

I flipped the coin. I landed tails.

I walked in toward the typewriter.

Well, you couldn't have *all* your luck in one day.

Somehow Jean got Steve to writing. I didn't see him at the track anymore. Jean came over with the cameras and the sound equipment one day and we wrapped up the documentary. We drank beer and wine and sat outside and I said things. Responded mainly to questions. My 12 years in the post office, jive-assing with the blacks had taught me how to bull-

shut my way through. The neighborhood children tossed rocks at us. Some of their parents had informed them that I was an evil man. I drank and wrote dirty stories and lived with women half my age. Why should that bother them?

Afterwards, as the rocks got larger, we went inside. Sasoon showed me some of the pages Cosmos had written. They were quite good. Not the writing but the content. Lively and full of madness. And it was written in English. I had no idea why and didn't ask.

"You've got some good crap here," I told Cosmos.

He really liked that. He showed it

"Thank you, my friend."

"Good writers watch other people live," I told him. "Great writers live and watch other people live."

"What do bad writers do?"

"Make money."

We drank a bit more and then everybody left. Well, not everybody. I was still there. I was a good writer, a great writer and a bad writer. And pretty fair with the horses.

Let's get rolling: some months went by. Sometimes I saw Cosmos at the track. Sometimes not. He was going through a series of girlfriends. I met some of them. Seemed nice. They all had good jobs, it seemed. But he borrowed money from them, lost it at the track, couldn't pay it back. The girls dropped away. Cosmos put an ad in the paper stating that he wanted to marry a woman with at least five children. He got many responses and interviewed a great many women. He couldn't find the right one.

"They were all too fat," he told me.

"Why do you want a woman with so many children?"

"It's when you lose after gambling. You've got something to come home to."

"When I lose, all I want to see is a bottle, I don't want anybody around," I told him.

"No, it's nice to have somebody to come home to who doesn't treat you like a loser."

"They will after canned beans and peanut-butter sandwiches."

Cosmos finished his life story.

They brought it over to me. I read it. It was very interesting. But a total maze. It needed work. They asked me if I might. I told them I couldn't. I was in my own maze.

It was all right. They got some guy. A scriptwriter, temporarily down. Leland LaCrosse. LaCrosse came over and we got totally drunk. LaCrosse claimed Copalla had fucked him over. Copalla owed him money. He was going to sue Copalla. LaCrosse was a very depressed person. He talked about Schopenhauer, he loved Schopenhauer. LaCrosse talked about suicide. He discussed suicide at some length. He talked sense, he was intelligent, but he was bogged down in self-pity. Depressed men seldom crashed through. Sometimes disgusted men did because when you're disgusted it elevates the frame of battle to some logical confrontation. Anyhow, LaCrosse agreed to straighten out the Cosmos script. I liked that: reworking Steve's script would have depressed me.

LaCrosse phoned me one night:

"I'm going to kill myself," he said. "I'm going to cut my wrists."

"That's very painful," I said. "As the blood runs out there will be spasms and contractions. To avoid this get into a tub of very warm water first and after you slice your wrists, hold them under water and stay that way with your body immersed. You'll find it almost painless."

LaCrosse hung up on me.

Evidently he didn't do it. The script got reworked

Sasoon phoned.

"I'm going to Paris. I'm going to set this thing up. We're going to shoot on a very limited budget. As soon as I'm ready I'm going to send Steve an airline ticket. Meanwhile, he's on his allowance. Keep an eye on him."

"Sure, Jean..."

Things got lined up and Sasoon sent Cosmos the money for an airline ticket. Cosmos took the money and went down and purchased the ticket. He was to get a bit part in his own movie. It was to be shot in a famous casino where Steve was not yet in trouble. And best, it wasn't in France. Just near France.

Steve phoned. "You know," he said, "you always said I could stay for a week or two—"

"Yes," I said, thinking, *but you already have.*

"I've got to close this place down and then wait to fly over. I don't want to go now. Jean will put me to work doing some asshole thing. I don't want to go until they're ready to shoot. So—"

"All right," I sighed, "it's all right, Steve."

So again I had a companion with me at the track everyday.

"I have my allowance," he told me.

"Good," I said.

"Whoever wins," he said, "buys the dinner."

"Right"

First time out, he finally won. I got a dinner.

The next time it wasn't so. Or the time after that. Or the time after that. Or the time...

"I don't care if I win or lose," he told me, "I just want to gamble."

"Yeah," I said.

"I can only talk to a gambler," he told me. "Nobody else knows anything."

"Yeah," I said.

Seven or eight days went by.

"If Jean calls tell him I'm not here. Tell him you think I took the plane."

"Aren't you going to?"

"The other day when I told you I was going to visit LaCrosse, I didn't, I went to the airport and cashed in the plane ticket."

"I wondered where you got the new money."

"Tomorrow I will hit it big," he said.

Then he told me that some day he was going to live in a castle with a woman with many children. He would grow his own food. He would have hunting dogs and stock fine wines.

"Do you have any of the plane-ticket money left?"

"Very little. But I feel I'm due for a big hit tomorrow."

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Each tomorrow was the same. Finally, he tapped out. He was standing next to me and he said, "My horse got left at the gate. That's it. I'm broke."

We walked over to the bar and I bought him a drink. You hated to lend a sum of money to a bad gambler; horses just weren't his horsemeat. It was the last race and I handed him

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a 20 and suggested he consider Night Fire, who was reading five to one. After I spoke, I knew I had said the wrong thing. I had talked him off of a possible winner. He went for a \$20 exacta, Slim Bim to Night Fire. Of course they came in in reverse.

As we drove toward his favorite eating place, I thought, son of a bitch, this fellow may be living with me for the rest of my life. He's a fine sort. Inventive. Original in his way. Quite aware of death. Well-lived. He got a little loud and stupid when drunk but we all did. But to live a lifetime? With this buddy? I was used to solitude. Even when I had been a bum I had avoided the missions, preferred the park bench, the alley, anywhere but being with the job. Being alone was all I had going for me when things got very ugly, it was the only thing which healed me.

Frankly, I was terrified.

"Life is for nothing," he said as we drove along. . .

We had our two opening rounds of drinks at the table and Steve loosened his charm upon the waitress. I was downcast and ordered as if I were the loser. Then I ordered another round of drinks.

Steve looked at me

"Gamblers understand," he said

"What do they understand?"

"Everything." . . .

That night at the place, I poured the wine heavily. Steve took out an expensive cigar and lit up.

"I'm all right," he said, "as long as I don't run out of these I'm all right. As long as I have my cigar I will make it."

"How they holding out?"

"Ho! I have *many* yet!"

Steve Cosmos was a class act.

The next day, after breakfast, he asked, "You going to the track today?"

"Yes," I said. "Listen, Steve, how'd you like to *earn* some money?"

"*Earn*?"

I took him out to the parkway in front of the house.

"Look at those weeds."

"I see them, ugly things."

"Yes, you're a landscape artist. Do you have some method of getting them out of there?"

"Well—"

"Fifteen dollars an hour—"

"Eighteen—"

"You're on." . . .

I really felt terrible as I pulled out the drive that morning without Steve. I felt like a hunk of shit. I felt like a man acting in bad style. I probably was.

I waved to him and drove off to the track.

As I looked in the rearview mirror he was leaning upon the hoe, contemplating. . .

I had gotten a cable from Sasoon.

"Where's Steve? Phoned the place, no answer. Phoned your place, you do not answer. Ready to begin shooting film. Sent money for air ticket to Steve. Urgent he get here. Reply."

Jean

It looked like a good card out there. Small fields. I liked small fields. But it wasn't any good: I lost.

When I got back in, Cosmos was well into a beer-drunk. I had a closet full of Budweiser.

He looked up from his cigar.

"I got the weeds. Come, I show you."

We walked out front. He had done quite well.

"There will be no weeds for a year now. You will see."

But he had left one little square of weeds, neatly blocked off, a square of about two feet by four

"This still needs to be done."

Steve knew as I did, that if we didn't get those out of there all the other work was wasted.

I gave him \$140.

Then we went out to dinner.

Need I tell you? He lost it out there the next day. We stopped for a new case of wine on the way in and popped it open upon arrival at the place. We shared a bottle, went out to eat. We tried a new place. The waiter went off for our drinks. The place had piped-in music. When the waiter came back with our libations, Cosmos spoke to him.

"I insist you either get better music in here or shut it off!"

Steve had upbringing. I had come from a lower-middle-class family.

"Steve, do you want to get that plot of weeds tomorrow?"

"If you insist."

"It's up to you."

"It might take some time. The roots are deeply imbedded."

"I'm sure they are."

"Eighteen an hour?"

"Raise you two," I said.

"I'll call." . . .

As the days went on Steve switched to the inner garden. I played the horses in the day and he played them at night. We had some drinks when he came in. Our new pattern was established. When he finished the garden I'd have him paint the house.

I cabled Sasoon to go ahead and shoot the parts without Cosmos.

Then one night Cosmos didn't return from the harness races. I drank a couple of bottles of wine, wrote four bad poems and two good ones. It was just like old times. I figured Steve was laying up with some new girl. I was glad for him.

About 10 A.M. I came down the stairway for something for my hangover and noticed that the guest bedroom door was open. Cosmos had neatly made the bed and upon it was a note:

"Ank,

I hit a big exacta last night. Know a guy who wants to buy my car. Am flying over to movie location. I have money for the ticket. I will now be a great movie star. Thanks for letting me stay at your place and for all the good wine.

Steve"

The note made me feel ashamed. I had been so cheap. Steve had pulled it out. I was not very much. I had some way to go. Growing was difficult, I did it so slowly and the years were running out.

How do you say it? Some weeks went by. Then there was a letter from Sasoon:

"Dear Hank:

Steve arrived. His part in the movie is to be the director of the casino. We shoot in the daytime. Then at night when the casino opens Steve still thinks he's the director at the casino. He cheats openly at the tables and demands his money. Since we use the casino employees in the movie during the day there is some confusion. Also, since he is now a writer and an actor he has met

some of the people and borrowed money from them. You know what that means. He gave one man a very large check in exchange for funds. The check bounced, came back. The man showed it to Steve and Steve insisted that there must be some mistake, he's going to check with his bank, it's impossible that the check is no good. . .

Everything else is a mess, too. We are running out of funds. At first we hired the regular people who played the casino at night to act in our movie during the day. Now we must pick up bums from the street and dress them in the proper clothing, which we rent, but it's cheaper that way—and they look just the same as the regular people

Also, the wife of the biggest producer backing this movie has fallen in love with Steve. She threatens to leave the producer for Steve, and since the producer doesn't want to lose her, they all rather live together, eat together, all that. She is a beautiful and intelligent woman. They go to the gaming tables together and Steve is totally insane, grabbing chips, spilling drinks over himself, shouting passages from Schopenhauer, vomiting upon the ladies' dresses, exclaiming that Death is Everywhere, that it is crawling through his intestines like shit, that everything is shit. He is now the brilliant writer-actor. He has been interviewed for several journals but insists that they don't take his photograph, says a camera would destroy his soul, most likely means his ass. . .

Will let you know as more unfolds.

Best,

Jean"

All right, skip two months. Like that. Did you do it? Fine.

There's another letter from Sasoon. He's in Paris.

"Dear Hank:

We finished the movie. Much trouble with shooting Steve. I'd tell him to walk there, say this, then he'd do something else. It kept on and on. It was terrible. But we finished. And since Bar-bette played the female lead we were all right there. Now editing the film. Steve stayed to be with the producer's wife.

Good luck with your documentary. A major TV station bought it. They are going to show it on prime time. Every night. But they want it broken up into segments of six minutes or less. Much work to be done there but we have fourteen hours of you and ought to get some good segments out of it

With Steve things are not going as well with the producer's wife as before. She stays with the producer at night in the villa and meets Steve secretly during the day. Steve has borrowed too much money from her which he can't repay. And he has been barred from the casino. I send him bits of money when I can.

He writes me, 'Since I have become a writer and an actor I am more broke than I have ever been. I have holes in the bottoms of my shoes and I sleep with the bums at night on the park benches. I know each of them by name. When it rains we try to hang out in the train station but the police run us off. I am at the absolute bottom, completely dissolute and desolate and destitute, and as full of despair, I guess, as a man can get. I am too spiritually weak and inept to even kill myself. If I killed myself where would they put me? Just on another park bench in hell. . . There is no escape from anything. I don't even have the ability to go mad. . . .'

Poor Steve. I had never gotten the story quite straight because I had heard it from both Steve and Jean, and both times during heavy drinking, but it translates something like this.

As a young man Steve Cosmos had entered a casino with a small sum of money and he had no idea how the game

worked. He had walked up to the wheel and placed a wager. He won. He just left the money there. And won again and again. I mean, he left the chips there, you know. He still left them there when he went to the men's room, and when he came back he had won an enormous sum: \$19,000. Does this seem possible? Or maybe I don't have it quite right. I remember the sum, though: \$19,000. Cosmos went to the cage to collect and they asked him if he wanted a check or cash. He took the cash.

There was a very handsome woman about that night and Steve mentioned to somebody that he wanted that woman. That somebody told him that that was impossible, that that simply was not that kind of woman. He told this somebody that he would give this woman \$2,000 for her favors. They went up to a room in the casino and that was that. Steve was hooked. He hung around the casinos. He met some con artists. They went from casino to casino doing their tricks. Cosmos told me many of them which I don't have the freedom to divulge here. Except one. They had an electronically controlled roulette ball which they could make drop into any number. The button was operated from a fake package of cigarettes. All they had to do was switch balls, which was easy enough to do with a screen of distraction and fast hands. The ball was very delicate, however, and one night during a good run it exploded. They left their winnings there for a quick exit.

The gang went from city to city around the world. They became known and had to wear disguises. At times they got enough money, wearied of it, split, only to meet and start up again.

In between times, my friend Steve learned other tricks. Besides passing bad checks with fake I.D.'s, he had a little camera, and with this little camera he walked up to expensive cars, put the little camera against the door lock and snapped the shutter. When the film was developed it showed the inside grooves of the lock. A key was made from this. Then Cosmos would go back to the car, open the door, jump-start the car and drive it off. He stole a great many cars this way. A steering-wheel lock meant nothing: he could break one down on an average of one minute and 15 seconds.

And he lived for free in the finest of hotels. He ran up huge sums and merely walked out, leaving an empty suitcase in the room with a note:

"Thank you so much for everything."

A man like that could never consider an eight-hour job.

And there I had had him pulling weeds out of my garden. . .

And there was no way I could ever write about him because then the law would have me for harboring a criminal and the French Mafia would be after my ass, but I sat around thinking about the whole thing. I could present it as a work of fiction and then in the fiction I could say it was real. It was too long for a short story and not long enough for a novel. Well, shut

I had just finished my fourth novel and my favorite cat had died, a real tough son of a bitch, and Cristina and I were having our problems, but the racetrack was still there. I really loved that place, all those places, Anita, Hollywood Park, Los Alamitos, Del Mar and Pomona you could have. But the track was the best shrink I could ever have. It taught me about myself, the others, everything. It was the open lesson of balance and chance, it was a flash of lightning and it was the durability of the gods. It was the place for me.

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

'CONSTITUTIONAL AMNESIA' STRIKES!

The Supreme Court launches its "good-faith exception." by Bob LaBrasca

LAST MONTH'S COLUMN ON THE GOOD-faith exception to the exclusionary rule was premature, generalized rant, written in anticipation of the Supreme Court decision that is the subject of this Case in Point. The point I tried to make then was that strict enforcement of the exclusionary rule, which bans the use of illegally seized evidence in a court of law, produces honest and responsible cops who are respectful of the constitutional rights of citizens; and that, conversely, the weakening of the rule tends to breed perjury and ignorance among the police.

That still seems true enough—and obvious—but I had underestimated the Supreme Court. When the justices finally revealed their good-faith exception, in *U.S. v. Leon* a couple of weeks after that column was set in type, it seemed less dangerous and narrower in scope than many civil libertarians had predicted it would be. In fact, if you read *Leon* quickly, and ignore the two withering dissents filed by Justices Brennan and Marshall, and Justice Stevens, it almost begins to sound reasonable.

Strictly speaking, the *Leon* decision allows the use of illegally seized evidence only in situations where the police have conducted a search under the authority of a warrant that is later found to be unconstitutional. The *Leon* case went more or less like this. Police in Burbank, California, went to a state-court judge in 1981 with information that was five months old, supplied by an informant of "unproved reliability," and were issued a warrant to search Leon's house where they found about a pound of cocaine. The federal district court suppressed the evidence, because the warrant should never have been issued in the first place, and the prosecution appealed all the way to the Supreme Court. Ultimately, six of the justices agreed that the police had relied, in good faith, on the authority of the "neutral and detached magistrate," and should not have been deprived of their evidence just because the judge had screwed up by issuing the warrant. Since the police had done just what

they were supposed to do under the law, no deterrent effect was served by excluding the evidence.

They also said something that sounds god-awful strange to the layman's ear: "The wrong condemned by the Amendment [the Fourth, that is] is 'fully accomplished' by the unlawful search or seizure itself." In other words, it's "wrong" for the authorities to bust into your place with a warrant that turns out to be illegal; but you are not further "wronged" when they use the evidence, produced by their illegal search, against you in court.

If you find that difficult to follow, so did Justices Brennan, Marshall and Stevens. In their dissent, Brennan and Marshall called this a "crabbed reading of the Fourth Amendment" based on an "impoverished understanding of judicial responsibility." Stevens, in his, accused the majority of "constitutional amnesia." (If you like reading this kind of invective, pick up *U.S. v. Leon* at your local law library. Brennan's vehemently articulate dissent is just a bit longer than the decision itself.)

So what does all this mean to us citizens? I asked that of the venerable Miami attorney, Albert Krieger, who has been practicing criminal law for 35 years. Krieger was one of the principal defense lawyers in the celebrated Wounded Knee case and for many years represented the notorious Joseph Bonanno, Sr. He's a past president of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers and literally a lawyer's lawyer. For the last 15 years he has mainly represented other attorneys.

"First of all, understand that I am a purist, a fundamentalist," says Krieger. "I believe the government has no rights; it merely has powers."

In Krieger's view there is no longer any practical legal protection for a citizen who is the target of an illegal warrant issued by a magistrate. "We don't have civil recourse against a judge. You're left clearly without a remedy," he laments.

Why does the court not assume a role in "detering" overzealous magistrates from issuing unconstitutional warrants?

Why are they repeatedly described in *Leon* as purely "neutral and detached"?

"That's because the magistrate is a member of the judicial club. Magistrates, as all judges, are presumed to do everything right, and are presumed to be dispassionate, and are presumed to be free from motives that are not pure. They're all Sir Galahads. That's preposterous!"

But the whole issue of deterrence—the notion that the "cost" of the loss of certain evidence against an accused citizen must be balanced against the "benefit" of deterring police, or even judicial, misconduct—is a red herring, say Krieger and the dissenting justices. Any such cost-benefit calculations, writes Brennan, "represent inherently unstable compounds of intuition, hunches and occasional pieces of partial and often inconclusive data." Krieger says, "Unfortunately, the focus upon the deterrent effect on the police officer brings about a mindset where we do not consider the sanctity of the individual's rights."

Krieger, who still handles a few drug cases, is eloquent on the implications of all this for drug defendants: "I wouldn't say that drug defendants are in trouble, because that doesn't begin to describe where they are. One of the constitutional protections, limited though it may have been—that controlled some of the overreach by police, by prosecutors and by the courts—is now gone. All they have to do is dress the search in the right garment, and many a door is now open."

But perhaps the most ominous implication of the *Leon* case is expressed in Brennan's dissent. Krieger reads it aloud: "Indeed, the full impact of the Court's regrettable decision will not be felt until the Court attempts to extend this rule to situations in which the police have conducted a warrantless search solely on the basis of their own judgment about the existence of probable cause and exigent circumstances. When that question is finally posed, I for one will not be surprised if my colleagues decide once again that we simply cannot afford to protect Fourth Amendment rights." □

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Mouths of knaves

/ continued from page 65

12 THE ACT OF 1845 REDUCING POSTAGE has now, by its operation during four years, produced results fully showing that the income from such reduced postage is sufficient to sustain the whole expense of the service of the Post-Office Department.

Zachary Taylor
State of the Union Message,
Dec. 4, 1849

11 WHILE THE WAR HAS BEEN CONDUCTED with great humanity and forbearance and with complete success on our part, the peace has been conducted on terms the most liberal and magnanimous to Mexico.

New Mexico and Upper California [This included all of present-day California, Nevada and Utah, almost all of Arizona and New Mexico and parts of Colorado and Wyoming. In addition, the treaty legitimized the "acquisition" of Texas. It reduced the total territory of Mexico by two-fifths and almost doubled the size of the United States.] have been ceded by Mexico to the United States, and now constitute a part of our country. Embracing nearly ten degrees of latitude, lying adjacent to the Oregon Territory and extending from the Pacific Ocean to the Rio Grande, a mean distance of nearly 1,000 miles, it would be difficult to estimate the value of these possessions to the United States. They constitute of themselves a country large enough for a great empire, and their acquisition is second only in importance to that of Louisiana in 1803. Rich in mineral and agricultural resources, with a climate of great salubrity, they embrace the most important ports on the whole Pacific coast of the continent of North America. The possession of the ports of San Diego and Monterey and the Bay of San Francisco will enable the United States to command the already valuable and rapidly increasing commerce of the Pacific. The number of our whale ships alone now employed in that sea exceeds 700, requiring more than 20,000 seamen to navigate them, while the capital invested in this particular branch of commerce is estimated at not less than \$40,000,000. The excellent harbors of Upper California will under our flag afford security and repose to our commercial marine, and American mechanics will soon furnish ready means of shipbuilding and repair, which are now so much wanted in that distant sea.

By the acquisition of these possessions we are brought into immediate proximity with the west coast of America, from Cape Horn to the Russian possessions north of Oregon, with the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and by a direct voyage in steamers we will be in less than thirty days of Canton

and other ports of China.

In this vast region, whose rich resources are soon to be developed by American energy and enterprise, great must be the augmentation of our commerce, and with it new and profitable demands for mechanic labor in all its branches and new and valuable markets for our manufactures and agricultural products.

James K. Polk
Message to the Congress,
July 6, 1848

10 THE GREAT OBJECTION WHICH HAS ALWAYS prevailed against the election by the people of their chief executive officer has been the apprehension of tumults and disorders which might involve in ruin the entire Government. . . The great moral spectacle has been exhibited of a nation approximating in number to 20,000,000 people having performed the high and important function of electing their Chief Magistrate for the term of four years without the commission of any acts of violence or the manifestation of a spirit of insubordination to the laws. . . Vast multitudes have assembled from time to time for the purpose of canvassing the merits and pretensions of those who were presented for their suffrages, but no armed soldiery has been necessary to restrain with proper limits the popular zeal or to prevent violent outbreaks.

John Tyler
Fourth Annual Message to Congress,
Dec. 3, 1844

9 IT WAS THE REMARK OF A ROMAN CONSUL in an early period of that celebrated Republic that a most striking contrast was observable in the conduct of candidates for offices of power and trust before and after obtaining them, they seldom carrying out in the latter case the pledges and promises made in the former. However much the world may have improved in many respects in the lapse of upward of two thousand years since the remark was made by the virtuous and indignant Roman, I fear that a strict examination of the annals of some of the modern elective governments would develop similar instances of violated confidence. . . But the lapse of a few months will confirm or dispel their [the people's] fears [about me].

William Henry Harrison
Inaugural Address, Mar. 4, 1841 [Unfortunately, the question became moot (concerning him) when Harrison died, exactly one month after taking office.]

8 THE DECREASE IN NUMBERS OF THE tribes within the limits of the States and Territories has been most rapid. If they be removed they can be protected from those associations and evil practices which exert so pernicious and destructive an influence over their destinies. They can be induced to labor and to acquire property, and its acqui-

sition will inspire them with a feeling of independence. Their minds can be cultivated, and they can be taught the value of salutary and uniform laws and be made sensible of the blessings of free government and capable of enjoying its advantages. To enable the Government to redeem this pledge to the Indians and to afford adequate protection to its own citizens will require the continual presence of a considerable regular [military] force on the frontiers and the establishment of a chain of permanent [army] posts.

Martin Van Buren
First Annual Message to Congress,
Dec. 5, 1837

7 YOU ARE A DEN OF VIPERS AND THIEVES. I intend to rout you out, and by the eternal God, I will rout you out.

Andrew Jackson
to a delegation of bankers who wanted their charters renewed,
1832

6 I AM A MAN OF RESERVED, COLD, AUSTERE and forbidding manners: my political adversaries say, a gloomy misanthropist, and my personal enemies, an unsocial savage.

John Quincy Adams
Diary, June 4, 1819

5 THE HEART OF EVERY CITIZEN MUST EXPAND with joy when he reflects how near our Government has approached to perfection.

James Monroe
Inaugural Address,
March 4, 1817

4 A UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL PEACE. IT IS to be feared, is in the catalogue of events which will never exist but in the imaginations of visionary philosophers, or in the breasts of benevolent enthusiasts.

James Madison

3 HERE WAS BURIED THOMAS JEFFERSON, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and the father of the University of Virginia.

Self-composed epitaph, engraved on his tomb, omitting the incidental fact that he was the third president of the United States of America

2 THE MOMENT THE IDEA IS ADMITTED into society that property is not as sacred as the laws of God, and there is not a force of law and public justice to protect it, anarchy and tyranny commence.

John Adams

1 GOVERNMENT IS NOT REASON, IT IS NOT eloquence—it is force.

George Washington □

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SEE PAGE 18**



1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

FORTY-SEVENTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

551 **THE GREATEST LOVE**
The wonderful love of a
beautiful maid,
The love of a staunch, true man
And the love of a baby unafraid,
Have existed since life began.
But the greatest love—the love of loves
Even greater than that of a mother—
Is the tender, passionate, infinite love
Of one drunken bum for another!

Oscar Jay's
Banquet Table

552 **LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION.**
I CAN FIND IT MYSELF.
sweatshirt, Berkeley, 1984

553 **TREATMENT OF
COCAINE OVERDOSE**
A cocaine overdose usually happens so fast
that nothing can be done about it at home.
The symptoms are: giddiness, wooziness,
delirium, respiratory depression, Cheyne-
Stokes breathing (a pattern whereby breath-
ing builds deeper and deeper to a point,
then becomes progressively shallower,
with a period of no breathing between
cycles), convulsions, and unconsciousness
followed by death from respiratory failure.
The heart may also stop. Quick action is
necessary to save the victim's life. Stay
calm, and don't let your fear of arrest pre-
vent you from acting decisively.

Have the victim lie down on his or her
back with head lower than body, try to
maintain breathing by artificial respiration,
and get the victim to a hospital as quickly as
possible no matter how embarrassed you
are. Call an ambulance if you don't have a
car. Be honest with the emergency room
people about what drugs the victim has
taken, and bring a small sample they can
analyze if complications set in. Cocaine is
so often adulterated that the sample may be
necessary to determine what chemicals the
victim has ingested.

Do not give the victim more drugs of any
kind. There are no real antidotes to cocaine,
though the hospital staff may administer
intravenous Valium or a short-acting barbi-
turate to control seizures. The danger here
is that downers may cause death by further
depressing the cardiorespiratory system.
The best "cure" for an overdose is to make
sure that it doesn't happen in the first place.

Michael R. Aldrich in David
Lee's *Cocaine Handbook*, 1981

554 **WE LOVE GRASS**
we love ass
we want to bug her
we want to bugger
we like it hot
we like pot
we scoff pills
we eat pussy
we ain't fussy

O EAST SIDE
we're on the EAST SIDE
and we're the FUGS!

we hate war
we love sex
twos or threes
fours or fives
l.s.d.
di-methyl-tript
Grope for Peace
naked & ready
poets & freaks
mad motherfugs

O EAST SIDE
we're on the EAST SIDE
and we're the FUGS!

Ed Sanders,
Fugs Theme Song, 1965

555 **THE TWO GENUINE STUDENTS**
completed whatever experi-
ments they were conducting, and got in the
wind. We could tell by their friendly ges-
tures upon departing that they'd bought in
with us being fellow "professionals." The
moment the door shut behind them, pande-
monium reigned. Cats like us could retain a
facade of reserved decorum for just so long,
and we were way overdue to get "loose."

Joe kicked it off. He jumped up on the
long worktable, pulled out his super-whang,
and began pissing in the sink. Harry got up-
tight: "Somebody could walk in at any mo-
ment!" Lenny told him, "Be cool, baby. Joe
can't stand rejection. He gets angry. He's
subject to shit in your centrifuge." With
that, Lenny grabbed a couple of the opium
suppositories, dropped his drawers, and
began sticking them up his ass. To Harry's
protestations that they wouldn't get him
high, he answered: "I don't care; I just dig
shoving stuff up my ass! Tried a peyote ene-
ma because the taste of it made me sick.
That didn't get me high either, but I dug it. I

think I'm very anal." We all started to get
manic.

Gary bugged Harry to concoct something
that would bubble and steam like a Jekyll/
Hyde solution, and that got the rest of us
into doing bits based on the mad-scientist
flicks that had played such a major role in
our childhoods. Harry filled Gary's request
and put together some blend of chemicals
in a flask that would have put to shame the
work of any Hollywood propman. One
problem though, it wasn't safely drinkable.

Gary, who could do some wild feats with
drumsticks, started flip-juggling three long
test-tubes. When Harry cautioned him
about being careful, Gary just left all three
of them up in the air, and turned to inno-
cently ask: "Whadya say, Harry?" The dif-
ferent looks on Gary and Harry's faces when
they crashed to the floor brought boffos
that had us holding our sides.

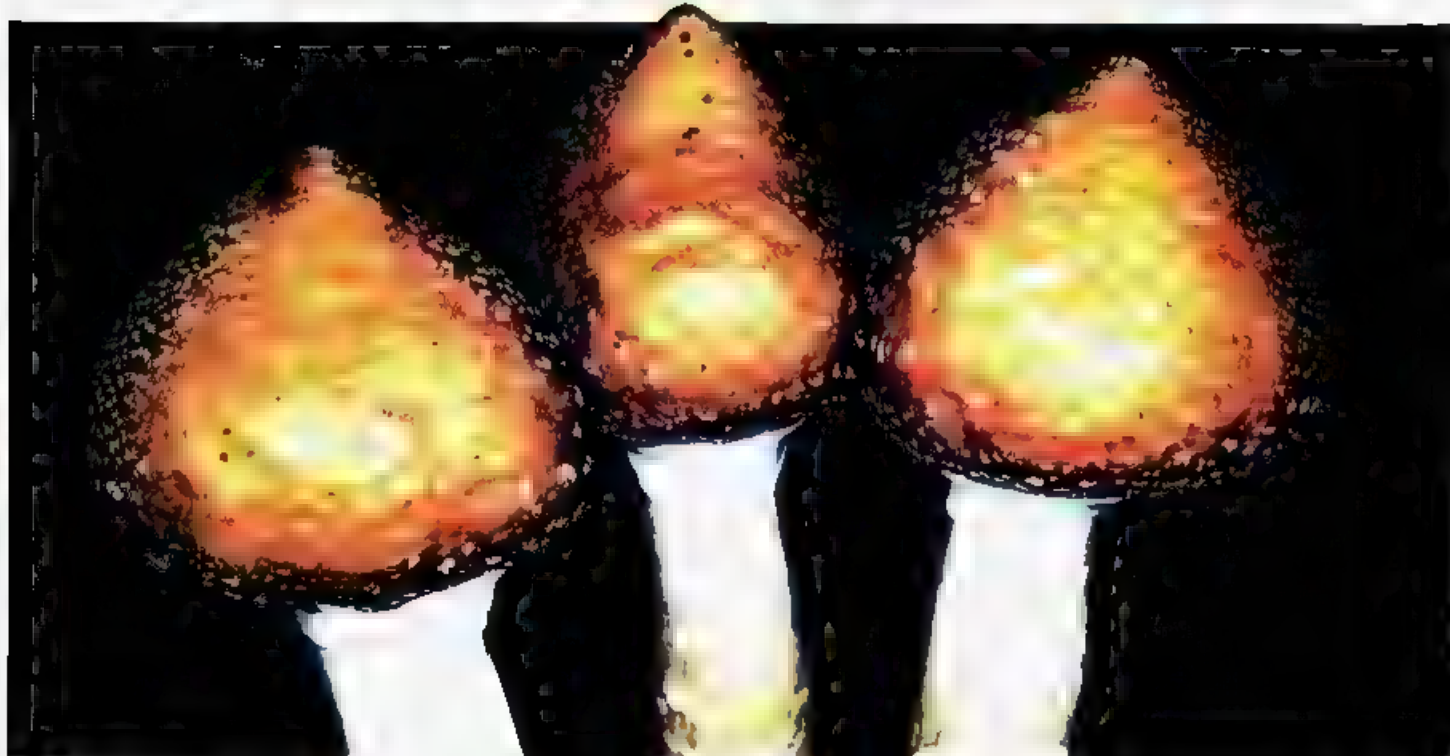
Harry began to get visions of us totalling-
out the lab, so he dove for his carpathag.
Before we'd started stepping on my last bag
of heroin, we'd pinched a big hunk for our
personal stash. Harry'd mixed in some pow-
dered Dilaudid and a few other opiates, and
he upped this and a box full of outfits. "Med-
ication time at the funny-farm. You guys
get that glass swept up while I chef this."
Lenny started screaming: "Yenta-mother-
bribe-time you mean! 'Make a nice potty
and Mommy will give you a piece of candy'
'I don't want a piece of candy, I want some
titty!'" Harry was blowing in the key we
could all hear, though, so we got the ex-test-
tubes swept up.

Before leaving the lab, Harry cautioned:
"They've got campus cops who get particu-
larly inquisitive on weekend evenings, so
be cool on the way to the car. We'd play hell
trying to explain the contents of this satchel."
Lenny had Harry hung-up rapping, while
Joe, Gary and I walked a little ways behind
them. We'd just hit the parking-lot when
Harry glanced around at us. What he saw
made him decide to never again take any-
body from our tip to that college. Joe had
really dug his white smock, so he'd boosted
and re-donned it. Once in the car, Joe met
Harry's hostile stares with his great logic:
"If they didn't want cats to boost them, then
why did they stamp 'UCLA' on them? It's
good advertising, like hotel towels."

Chic Eder via Albert Goldman
and Lawrence Schiller,
Ladies & Gentlemen,
Lenny Bruce! 1972

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to:
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THE REBEL TRADITIONALISTS

L.A.'s X defines the spot

X. Twenty-fourth letter of the alphabet. A cross on its side. A variable common to algebraic equations and higher mathematics. A prefix of the English language. A Motion Picture Association of America rating for adults-only movies. A type of chromosome. An axis in a three-dimensional system. A viral encephalitis. A measure of the height of a printed letter. An unknown quantity. An American rock 'n' roll band.

The connotative complexities inherent in X's very name have been at musical play for five years now. A simple classification has proved elusive. Just the spawn of the punk-rock moment, you protest? How then might we deal with a band that contains the multitudinous echoes of Robert Johnson, Merle Haggard, Curtis Mayfield, Jerry Lee Lewis, Clyde McPhatter, Chuck Berry, the Louvin Brothers, George Clinton, Buddy Rich, the Doors and maybe a hundred others? In what convenient folder can we file lyrics scintillating with the influences of William Burroughs, John Fante, Charles Bukowski,

Jack Kerouac, Woody Guthrie, Tennessee Williams, Nathanael West, Raymond Chandler and dozens more?

There is no Dewey Decimal System for the easy compartmentalization of this stubbornly original band; as Laurie Anderson, an artist with whom they share not much in common, put it,

"Let X = X."

In which case we are faced with the task of gleaning what we may from the body of their music, as densely layered as the rings of a redwood. We might pursue them musicologically, chase after the heart-wringing strains of a country weeper, the melancholia of a Tin Pan Alley tear-jerker strummed on Leadbelly's twelve-string, the adrenal surge of Doorsian psychedelia honed to a stiletto point, the flux of a funk backbeat, the ren-



● *Mr. and Mrs. X leaving their home in Southern California.*

dering of a Johnny B. Goode guitar lick.

Or we might prod the lyrics of X for their contemporary verities—those fleet, starkly monochromatic snaps of casual psychosis, everyday infidelity, insecure matrimony, urban decay, errant religion, drunken epiphanies, benighted romance, unexpected salvation.

You say you expect the explicit? You demand an easy reading, a glib assessment, a possible summation? No, reader, you ask the impossible. The music that X makes has always demanded a

supple imagination, a personal approach, a play of the heart and the soul. The pursuit of the Absolute amid the random results in a payoff of the obvious. X's music is as infernally open-ended as the band's name itself—it contains much and suggests all.

What follows will likely be less satisfying than an explication of "Ozymandias" in a high-school English class: breaths of history, iconography, sociology, eschatology; wisps of existentialism, purism, liberalism, catechism. X isn't merely the creation of four musi-



cian/lyricists—it is as much a product of the needs, dreams, desires and nightmares of its audience. Like that indefinite "X" in high-school math class, we deal here with a sum that could range from one to one zillion. Only the daring need apply to work out this dangerous equation.

Los Angeles and the records that followed it have been excoriated by the weak-minded as the detritus of latter-day bohemia, a throwback to "beat hedonism." This kind of criticism is like whipping somebody else's dog. It fundamentally misunderstands X's voice and the viewpoint of the band's antecedents as well.

In a disorderly and ugly American society, X seeks moral order and a fresh beauty—this is the tradition that links lyricists John and Exene with such beatific precursors as Kerouac and Ginsberg. Like the daddy-o's of the '50s, X are traditionalists who are perceived as rebel outlaws, not because they espouse radical pleasure-seeking (they don't), but because they hold the party line on moral politics in contempt. If X stands outside of society, it's because there's no room for them in the decayed state of things.

One has to look no further than Los Angeles to pin down what X is saying and how they choose to say it; the records that succeed it are echoes and elaborations of the first. The band tramples the most violent sexual fantasies of both the rich ("Sex and Dying in High Society") and the common ("Johnny Hit and Run Paulene") in the dirt. The outcast protagonists of "Los Angeles" and "The Unheard Music" exist on the edge not by choice, but because of the grim enormity of circumstance. Los Angeles doesn't accept Chaos and ancient Night—it surveys disaster with an appalled eye. "Soul Kitchen" occupies a critical position in the world of the album: it holds out the hope of a refuge, albeit a small one, in the unsure terrain of crumbling Los Angeles. Like Morrison, X asks, "Have you forgotten the keys to the Kingdom?"

Wild Gift continues the Pilgrim's Progress through Nighttown, with an eye toward ultimate salvation and the chance of mutual protection through matrimonial harmo-

Billy Zoom

• "I came home from rehearsing with the Negroes in Watts, and there was a note on my door that my neighbor had left saying that Sterling from the Musician's Contact Service had called, and if I wanted to play with Gene Vincent to give him a call. I went over to my neighbor's and said, 'Which Gene Vincent? Not THE Gene Vincent?' He said, 'I dunno, is there a Gene Vincent? He sounded like you'd know who it was.'"

"I got pigeonholed into the rock 'n' roll revival for a couple of years. It was real depressing. You couldn't give rockabilly music away, couldn't play it for free. I played at Art Laboe's oldies-but-goodies club, where the Comedy Store is now on Sunset, like three nights a week. We were a trio [the Billy Zoom Band], and we used to back up oldies acts like the Drifters and the Penguins, because we were the only band that actually knew the songs and could play 'em right."

"Art Laboe used to say every Saturday night, 'Billy, son, I gotta talk to you. You've

got a great voice, you got a good presence, you could work Vegas, you got potential, but you gotta stop doing these fast songs. One or two fast songs a set is okay, but you can't do all these fast songs.' Every week. I knew two ballads, and one was an instrumental."

"The Billy Zoom Band broke up on Halloween of '76. I got out my ledger and figured out that it had cost me \$1,500 to play that year."

"Sometime around the end of '76, Pat Woodward, the guy who played upright bass in my band, read me a review of a band called the Ramones. They had played the Roxy or the Starwood. The review just trashed them, said they were awful—the songs were all too fast, they didn't have enough chords, there weren't any guitar solos, and everything was real loud. Pat said, 'You ever heard these guys?' I said no. He said, 'Sounds pretty good to me.' I said, 'I guess we'll have to check them out.'"

"Later, I saw the Ramones at the Golden West Ballroom in Norwalk. I thought they were great, and I said, 'Hey, that's what I want to do.'"

• All this and rock 'n' roll too. Some people are just born blest.



Photo by Ann Summe

John Doe

• "I played in bar bands in Baltimore. We tried to play originals. We'd pass the tip jar around, and the tip jar would get stolen an hour before we were ready to leave. I had an opportunity to play with Max Ochs, who was Phil Ochs' brother or cousin or something, who did these real loud electric versions of Robert Johnson songs. The name of the band was Howdy Duty.

"Just before I left Baltimore, I played 'Born to Run' in a bar band, and that was one of the radical songs. I played 'Imagine' at a Holiday Inn. It was just to learn how to play. It was nothing. The only good band I remember in Baltimore was a dyke band that played Hank Williams songs at this real stone dyke bar called the Sea Cruise.

"I got to Los Angeles on Halloween of 1976. On New Year's Eve of '76, I thought, well, I think I'll go down and see this pretty girl I know, Exene. I was walking down the street in Venice and got jumped. I beat the crap out of these two kids, but not before they had pulled their belts off and whanged me over the head about thirty times. So I walked into this bar, and there were all these old people with party hats on, really loaded. The blood was running down my face, and I walked into the bathroom and washed off my face. Then I went to this other party and saw this whore woman, and she climbed up a pine tree and started humping one of the stumps. It was just hideous, gruesome. And I just thought, this is California."

ny. The song "Year One" suggests that nothing except a rolling-back of time will set the wheels of survival in motion. The L.A. landscape is still blasted deserts, littered with corroded dreams: the scenarios of "We're Desperate," "Adult Books," "It's Who You Know" and "Back 2 the Base" are full of fever and horror. For the first time, marriage is held out as a kind of Soul Kitchen variant, but it's a delicate, pitfall-fraught solution. Temptation (the word is tattooed on Exene's wrist) can wreak havoc on a household: "In This House That I Call Home" and "White Girl" depict domestic scenes as prone to collapse as the house of cards that John Doe is building on the record's back cover.

"We were sad when we made *Under the Big Black Sun*," John Doe says today. It is a serious, unfrivolous record, often as stark and bleak as the black-and-white Alfred Harris painting which graces its cover. It's certainly the most personal expression of the four: two songs deal elegiacally with Mary Cervenka's [Exene's sister] death ("Riding with Mary" and "Come Back to Me"), and two further explore the permutations of married life ("The Hungry Wolf" and "Because I Do"). Death and infidelity in the American grain are the basic subjects here. But there's a surprising, admirable widening-out, in both style and theme. The band cha-cha's through Leadbelly's "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes," essays sax-based R&B in "Come Back to Me" and adds a George Jones twang to "The Have Nots." The latter song opens out the social lexicon as well: its etching of an alcoholic working-class Purgatory is unprecedented in the X songbook. It's a harbinger of things to come on *More Fun in the New World*.

The fourth X album alternates between economical snapshots and cinemascopic canvases. Taken together, the songs on the record add up to a State of the Union address, although not the kind you might hear in Congress. The concept of "the New World," a world of myriad possibilities and failures, is of course central: the record is definitively American in ethos and spirit. *More Fun in the New World* moves beyond tumult

"I went to this party and saw a whore woman humping one of the stumps of a pine tree and I just thought... this is California."

Exene Cervenka

• "I moved to Los Angeles because I didn't have anywhere else to go. I lived in St. Petersburg, Florida, and a small town called San Antonio, where my mother and sister are buried. I moved to Tallahassee, and I didn't have any money and I couldn't get a job, so I sold my car and I moved to California. When you live in a small town, you want to move to a big city; you really don't care what you do when you get there. You figure you're gonna get a job and meet some interesting people, and you'll get involved with artists and poets and things, and maybe you'll get famous being an artist, or make a living at it."

D.J. Bonebrake

● "My brother was a member of Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism. Wanting to be like my older brother, I started going to meetings also. They had a marching band called the Brass Band, and they were recruiting people for it. The idea was that anyone could play, which is kinda like the punk thing. I went to one of the rehearsals and they said, 'Do you want to play sax or drums?' I took drums. Within two years they asked me to play in their stage band.

"Much later on I met Joe Ramirez and Charlotte Caffey when the band I was in, Rocktopus, played a gig at Immaculate Heart College, where Charlotte was a student. I was just pulled into playing with them. I was living in my garage in the Valley, and I didn't care about the Hollywood scene—I just wanted to play music. The first time I played with the Eyes, I had no idea what they were gonna be. They played in some rehearsal studios across Hollywood Boulevard from the Masque. They were loud and fast, and I really got off on it. Coming into Hollywood and playing this intense music—it was fun.

"Before I joined X, I had seen them, but I hadn't really seen them. I had walked out. It was at Larchmont Hall: the stage was so low I couldn't see the band, and the sound really sucked. I just walked out on them. Maybe they sounded bad."



● What's a nice band like X doing with a mystique like they have? The group—l. to r.—Billy Zoom, Exene Cervenka, John Doe and D.J. Bonebrake

Photo by
Ann Summa

sonal concerns: "Poor Girl" and "Devil Doll," for instance, are telling miniatures of Exene herself.

Yet X has opened the lens of their camera eye wider than ever before on *More Fun in the New World*. Exene has said that the group is consciously attempting "Woody Guthrie-style" songs, and the new writing envelopes all the political and social concerns that the folk style entails. There is a confluence of different native streams—rock 'n' roll, folk/protest, country, soul, funk—on the album

that makes X's latent traditionalism all the more apparent. In explicit tribute, the band includes lyrics from songs by Elvis Presley, Tammy Wynette, Leadbelly, George Clinton, Gene Vincent and Chris Kenner in the coda to their "True Love Pt. #2", they cover Jerry Lee Lewis' "Breathless" as well. □

Excerpted from Beyond and Back, The Story of X, © Copyright 1983 Last Gasp/ f Stop Fitzgerald. Edited by f Stop Fitzgerald. Text by Chris Morris. Used with permission.

in the bedroom and on the L.A. pavements to investigate a pervasive national malaise: the new Depression, personal political responsibility, the politics of music in a spiritual vacuum. Not that the band has abandoned their per-

One white tab

/ continued from page 69

of Walt," I said. "He wants to be our friend. I can feel that your mind is completely closed off to him, and you shouldn't be that way with anybody."

"He's just on a sex trip," she said, with distaste. "You can feel it oozing out of every word he says—the sexually liberated psychotherapist on the make."

"Look, so what if we met him at that High-Level Hedonism course? You and I met each other there, too—don't forget that. There's a lot more to all our minds than that."

"That's a stage you get beyond and grow out of," she said, still bitter, "and I don't think he has. Anybody who ends up thinking that approach to life is where it's at is some kind of jerk. And that class was full of jerks—either frustrated or conceited. Sometimes when you two are together I wonder if you've gotten beyond all that yourself."

Sighing and flopping back on the sleeping bag we had laid in the sand, I said, "All I know is that for a long while last night I got beyond all that kind of stuff—I got beyond everything. I think the only reason I was given the chance to come back from such a place was to help you and whoever I love get beyond everything, too."

"If you're really serious about that," she said, her tone beginning to change, "you'll stick with me and work it out, however pissed I might get."

"Sometimes," I said, carefully, "the best thing you can do for somebody as angry as you were last night is to leave them alone. I wasn't thinking that last night, but thinking about it now, I know Walt was right to guide me out of there and leave you for a while. If I'd stayed, it would have just gotten worse. Just *me being on acid* was making it worse—I could see that at the time."

"Sometimes the only way to get past a bum trip is to go right through the middle of it," she said. "It comes down to how committed you are—you have to be able to commit yourself to something you love and believe in, *however heavy it gets*. That's what I need from you. If it was just me, it might be different—but it's me and him."

Andy was still playing in the wet sand. He'd found a sand dollar and was holding up the round, white disk high in the sun so we could see.

"Next time you're pissed off at me,"

I said, "I'll sit down and work it out with you until you're not pissed at me anymore, however long that takes. How's that?"

"Not enough," she said.

"How about if I told you I loved you both?"

"That would be a start, anyway."

"I love you both."

"We love you, too."

"Then do one thing for me."

"What?"

"Stop calling Andy 'Poopsie.' You're keeping him in diapers that way. He's too big for that."

"I know," she said. "I'll try."

As we were lying there hugging on the sleeping bag, nothing more needing to be said, Andy came up and squirmed in between us. After we'd all hugged in a lump for a while, he got Meryl to get up and go look at some interesting creature he'd found in a tidepool, that sucked your finger if you poked it.

I laid back down and stared at the sky, feeling the acid energy still washing over me like the broken, foaming surf, now that the weight had lifted from our head. Digging my hands into the warm sand on either side of the sleeping bag, I lifted them up to let the sand stream down between my fingers—conjuring up the vision of silky streams of diamonds from the night before. But looking at the sand now in the daylight, I realized that, far from being diamondlike, there was a leaden grayness about it—and the grayness was due to the presence of a certain number of black granules—or grains coated with black—in the sand. The black ones made up a large proportion of it, giving it its grayish hue, that bordered on streaks of total black where the sand rippled.

It was oil, of course—oil coating grains of sand, intermixed with gritty granules of black tar—regularly discharged and occasionally spilled from the innumerable freighters, tankers and ships of every description which had been passing just north of this beach, back and forth through the Golden Gate, for over a hundred years. Even now a rust-colored tanker of immense weight and girth was moving in from the horizon and plowing through the choppy waves toward the city that had so rapidly grown from a settlement by the Bay.

How many more years were left—maybe by the time Andy had kids, or his kids had kids—before all the sand was black? □

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My friend the gambler

/ continued from page 75

I drove into valet and the guy who handed me the yellow stub said, "You been sick, champ?"

And I said, "No, what makes you ask?"

"Didn't see you yesterday," he said.

"How's your wife and family?" I asked

"Fine," he said.

"That's great," I said.

I walked on in and checked the program. Lots of maiden races. Good. My favorite play. Very little public information. But I had a method of detecting where my solid money was going.

By the fourth race I was \$225 ahead, sitting there, checking my program against the racing form and the board action when I sensed somebody sitting behind me. I could feel him there, looking over my shoulder. I didn't like anybody near me. I moved on down. I felt this same figure following me, sitting down behind me again. I am one who is not too fond of humanity, even those who we are told are great, even those sicken me, so, you see, I didn't like anybody around, so I turned and I said, "Hey, look, you son of a bitch—"

And, you guessed it, it was Steve Cosmos.

"Ank—" he said.

"Well, baby," I said, "all I can let you have is a twenty—"

"Don't worry, my friend," he said. He pulled out a huge roll of money, very green, very fat, very legal.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I could ask you the same. How about a drink?"

"Fine."

We walked up to the bar. Steve had a double whiskey and water. I ordered a vodka tonic.

"Who do you like in this race?" he asked.

"Well, if the board doesn't change too much I like Blue Fire."

"Far Dream will win," he said.

"You ought to lay off those bag closers," I said. "I keep telling you that over and over but you won't listen."

"Far Dream will win. There will be a fast pace."

"The old textbook approach. The game is different now. Nowadays the speed of the speed usually wins."

"Winner buys the dinner?" Cosmos asked.

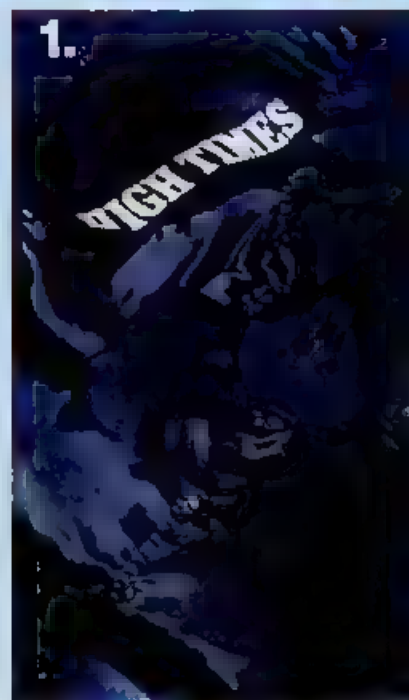
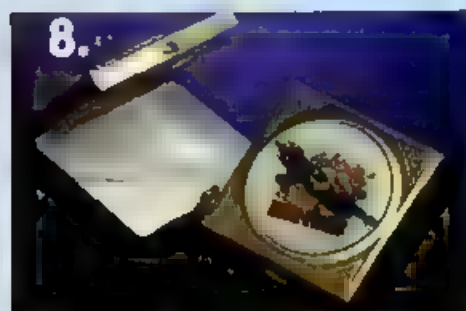
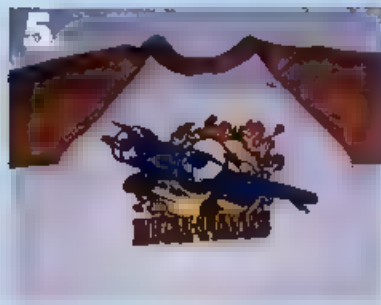
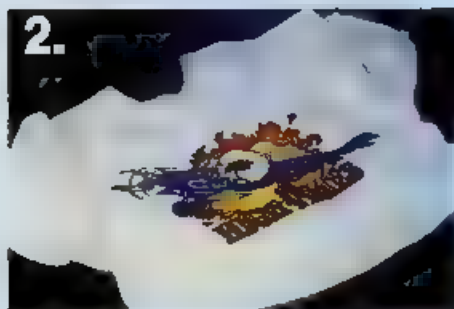
"Winner buys the dinner," I said.

We raised our drinks, clicked them, drained them off. □

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● Gabriela's Sonia Braga demonstrates her brand of steamy South American cooking to fervent leading man Marcello Mastroianni.

by Michael Wilmington

■ Gabriela

Director: Bruno Barreto.

With Marcello Mastroianni, Sonia Braga—*Gabriela* is a sex comedy, and a good one, though one suspects that some amount of subtlety and penetration was lost in the transfer from novel (by Jorge Amado) to screen. Watching it, you get lulled. The cinematography is steamy,

hazy; the voices languorous, the atmosphere dreamy, the Antonioni Carlos Jobim melodies soft and insistent; and the location—Parati, Brazil, a coastal city little changed from the mid-'20s—soaked in the heat and apparently gently mellowed by age. The protagonist is a Turkish bartender,

played by that dreamiest of all leading men, Marcello Mastroianni, casting soft, liquid glances on the all but liquescent landscapes. Then, in the middle of all this languor, we get something sharp and troubling, vigorous and burningly sexy—Sonia Braga, as "Gabriela," is a voluptuous hoyden in the Bri-

gitte Bardot class. (One can understand, watching her, why she was able to inflame all Brazil.) The story itself—a satire on Latino sex roles, in which the slightly crazed macho is both undercut (Mastroianni can handle Braga as a mistress but not a wife, and any female who "strays" faces death or ignominy) and perhaps, slightly, reinforced. It tends to drift along, lapping at the edges of your consciousness, like a hot afternoon in a bar—where a honeyed light plays over the tables, the music washes over you like ocean waves, and the eyes and body of a woman like Sonia Braga can suddenly seem more important than life, art, than whatever rolls on in the world outside. □

■ Joe's Bed Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads

Director: Spike Lee.

The ordinary critical standards don't exactly apply here, because, although this film is receiving wide independent distribution—and has appeared at several festivals, including the New York Film Festival's New Directors series—it is actually an NYU student-film project by a young black film-

maker in his twenties. In another sense, they don't apply because the writer-director, Spike Lee (whose father is a Brooklyn jazz musician), is a friend of mine, and I first saw his stuff when he was a Clark College (Georgia) undergraduate. (Take that for what it's worth; I assure you I never lose objectivity—either on friends or enemies.) *Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop* should demonstrate Lee's talent to everybody. It's a low-key, quiet and unmannered look at the desperate predicament of a black Bedford-Stuyvesant barber who finds himself increasingly entangled in the numbers racket. You can make some obvious complaints about it—that some of the acting is amateurish, many of the points forced, the characters need more fleshing out, that the hoodlums owe a little too much to other movies. All that just means it's a student work by a director who's still growing. But the whole film has a command, a sureness, a lack of hysterical "effects," and a calmly confident sense of its subject that many films by directors twice Lee's age, and with three times his experience, utterly lack. It is also, of course, an interesting inside



look at a black community by a filmmaker who knows it well and pulls no punches. As such, it has great cultural value—whatever its obvious flaws. Though Spike Lee himself will undoubtedly one day refer to it as his “juvenilia,” you should see it now so that you can say, “I knew he was good before he hit it big.” □

■

Director: Luc Béraud.
With Patrick Dewaere and Chlo Goldsmith.

Plein Sud gives us those old movie staples—romance, sex, intrigue, violence and exotic locales—and tosses in a few modern wrinkles, like midlife crises, existentialism and radical politics. Like Béraud's previous *Like a Turtle on Its Back*, it's essentially the story of a mental breakdown; but here the crackup is unreservedly applauded. The amusingly complex story follows a meek Parisian professor of philosophy and literature (the late Dewaere) as he slides through a rapid transition to sex-obsessed layabout, psychopath, outlaw, pimp and murderer. (The trigger for this astonishing metamorphosis: the wildly sexy Goldsmith.) *Plein Sud* takes its title from Joseph Conrad's *Tales of the South Seas*, and, like Conrad, Béraud views adventure and romance from the angle of a moralist or *philosophe*—even though the ending seems to show the triumph of *amorality*. Béraud tells it in a weird, original style that seems to race along from ellipse to ellipse, like something both madly out of control and in virtual stasis, practically a visual correlative for psychotic breakdown. He's a real talent, Goldsmith is a real dazzler and *Plein Sud* is offbeat, bizarre and often lots of fun. □

■

Director: Alfred Hitchcock.
With Kim Novak and James Stewart—
A private detective in San Francisco—a city which here seems eerie, blue and spectral—is hired to pursue a woman who apparently believes that she has lived in the past—that she has died once already, and is fated to die again. The detective—apparently a rationalist and skeptic—falls in love with her, and he becomes a man

deeply anguished and wildly obsessed, a man whose greatest romantic flaw is epitomized by his own incapacitating fear of heights, a man ridden by guilt and fear and suppressed passions that are now surging up, implacably, to overwhelm him. Since its release in 1958—when it was, relatively speaking, a critical and commercial disappointment—Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo* has assumed legendary stature. Of all Hitchcock's films, all his evocations of terror and anxiety, this is the one most deeply concerned with the nature of fear itself (and, of course, with its opposite pole, desire)—With its ravages, its peculiar and perverse moments of ecstasy, it is the most naked and impassioned film this immaculately guarded and protected man ever gave us, and a movie made with such breathtakingly assured precision and skill that it seems, in fact, the product of a vanished era: an era that needs, desperately, to be revived. □

■

Director: Sergio Leone.
With Robert De Niro, James Woods, Tuesday Weld—

Many critics (including me) seem to agree that the version of *Once upon a Time in America* current-

ly in release doesn't work as a movie—that it's full of dangling ends, loose characters and a weird climax that emerges from left field and promptly falls apart. The quarrel seems to be among those who think the fault was probably director/writer Leone's—and those who tend to blame the Ladd Company for trimming over an hour and (even worse) completely rearranging the film into strict chronological order. (Leone's version cut back and forth freely in time, somewhat like Coppola's *Godfather II* or Lester's *Petulia*.) This argument can't be settled until more of us see the three-and-a-half-hour version—which, reportedly, will be available to the general public by the fall. But *until* then—and because the movie seems to be twisting, twisting slowly in the wind at the moment, I think it's worth pointing out that—even in its current “corrupted” state, even despite its complete disavowal by Leone himself, this *Once upon a Time in America* has more creativity, more audacity, more moments of sheer cinematic brilliance, more miracles of art direction (by Carlo Simi), cinematography (by Tonino Delli Colli), period re-creation, sound and music (the inevitable Ennio Morricone) and better act-



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ing than you'll see in any three conventional big-studio American movies that do "work." If sections seem crude, undeveloped or tasteless, it's hard to guess whether the crudity is endemic or a result of the excisions and reordering. (Obviously the movie was intended to be full of intense, reverberating, dreamlike motifs—echoing in your mind like dissonant or melodic strains that keep recurring and amplifying.) *Once upon a Time in America* is, like Leone's "spaghetti" westerns, a grandiose, melodramatic nightmare lushly expanding on the archetypes and clichés of American movies. Here, oddly enough, this largely Italian crew (and substantially Italian-American cast) focus not on the Sicilian Mafia, but their Jewish (and Irish) rivals—but the result is hot-blooded, Italianate, almost Machiavellian in its cynical social analysis, Verdian in its operatic fervor, crowded with the dense, lucid period detail of a Renaissance cityscape (somehow transferred to the Lower East Side of New York.) For a movie that admittedly fails to pieces at the end, *Once upon a Time in America* has many riches, much splendor and excitement. How good it once was, we'll know some day. (The Ladd Company—unlike Louis B. Mayer with *Greed*, or RKO with *The Magnificent Ambersons*—has chosen to rescue and preserve the original.) But it is good, now—and I believe "failures" like this film deserve as much sympathy and support as the more modest and timid "successes." □

■ *Erendira*

Director: Ruy Guerra. Script: Gabriel Garcia Marquez.

With Irene Papas, Claudia Ohana, Michael Lonsdale—

Here is a film of color and fire, delicacy and savagery, humor and pain, madness and dreams. It is set in a landscape of hallucinatory vividness—with deserts harsh, white and blazing under an implacable sun, roads winding off into an eternal dusty distance, clouds and mist like a tattered veil. The heat of this landscape drives into your forehead like splinters of fire—and before your eyes, kaleidoscopic mirrors shatter, lechery fries, slaughter stabs



● In her desert tent, Claudia Ohana contemplates the repayment of her "debt"—a life of prostitution.

and insanity gambols and dances and whirls—like a flamenco dancer whose toes never once touch the earth. A fable unfolds slowly, inexorably. A 14-year-old girl accidentally burns down the mansion of her sedentary, corrupt old grandmother. She is condemned to a life of servitude and whoredom to repay her "debt." The grandmother cackles in cheapshop luxury as they embark on an endless odyssey—the girl to fuck half the countryside, the grandmother to collect the fee. A "hero" appears—his name is Ulysses. He has a present, a love offering—oranges with glit-

**"Erendira
is a film of
color and fire,
delicacy and
savagery,
humor and
pain, madness
and dreams."**

tering diamonds embedded in the juicy meat. A solitary bicyclist pedals through the scorching desert. A fat politician preens before a mirror. Somewhere the vultures are circling, the fire crackles; somewhere death in a jester's cap crouches, waiting to spring. . . . Many of you will recognize *Erendira* immediately as one of the episodes in Gabriel Garcia Marquez' phantasmagorical masterpiece *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Actually, it is an original scenario that Marquez (once a journalist and film critic) wrote years ago, despaired of ever filming, and then incorporated into *Solitude* and two short stories. For this film he entirely rewrote the script, and he was working on the set when he was awarded the Nobel prize. It is rare these days to see a film scripted by a Nobel prize-winning novelist (it is getting rare, in fact, to see a film scripted by a writer in any sense of the word); and Marquez' hypnotic script has been filmed, brilliantly, by the Mozambican-Brazilian-Portuguese director Ruy Guerra (*The Gods and the Dead*, *Oz Fuzis*), and acted, magnificently, by Papas, Ohana, Lonsdale and the rest of the cast. It becomes a dream that takes root in your flesh, sends fire through your veins, a dream like a sun that has fallen, a moon swimming in the sea, marionettes in a graveyard, a tropical bird screaming in the forests of the night. . . . □

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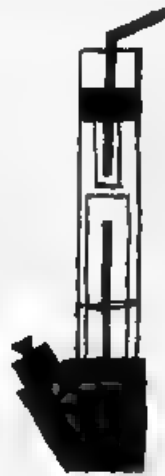
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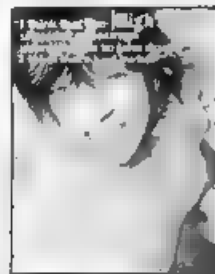
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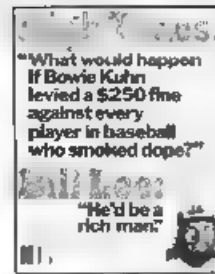
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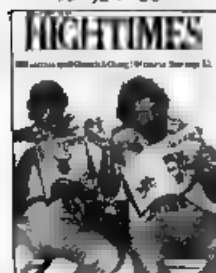
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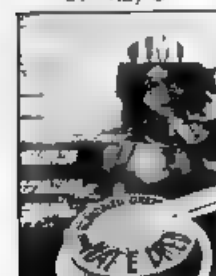
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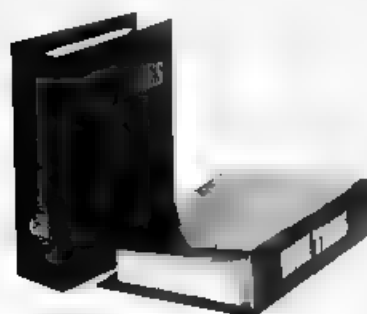


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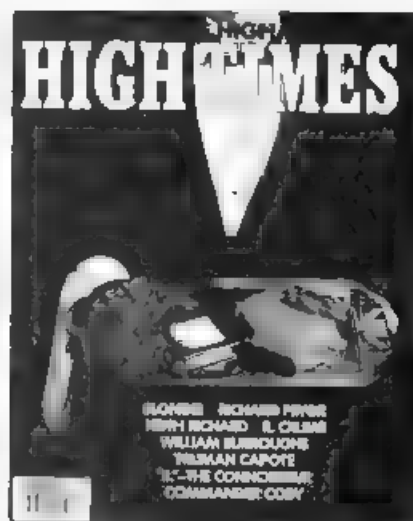
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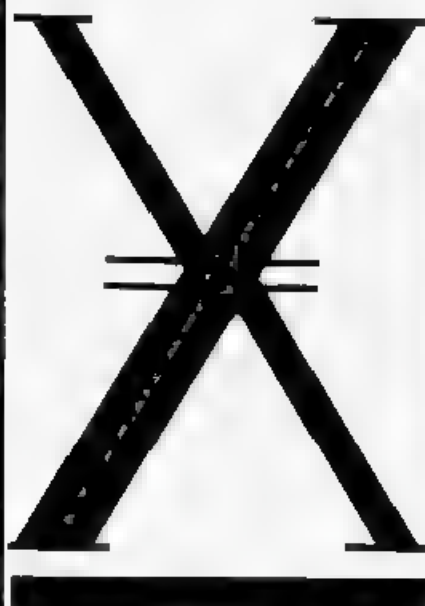
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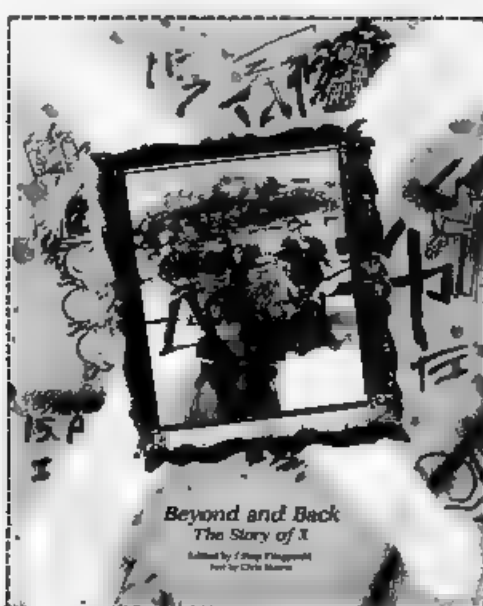
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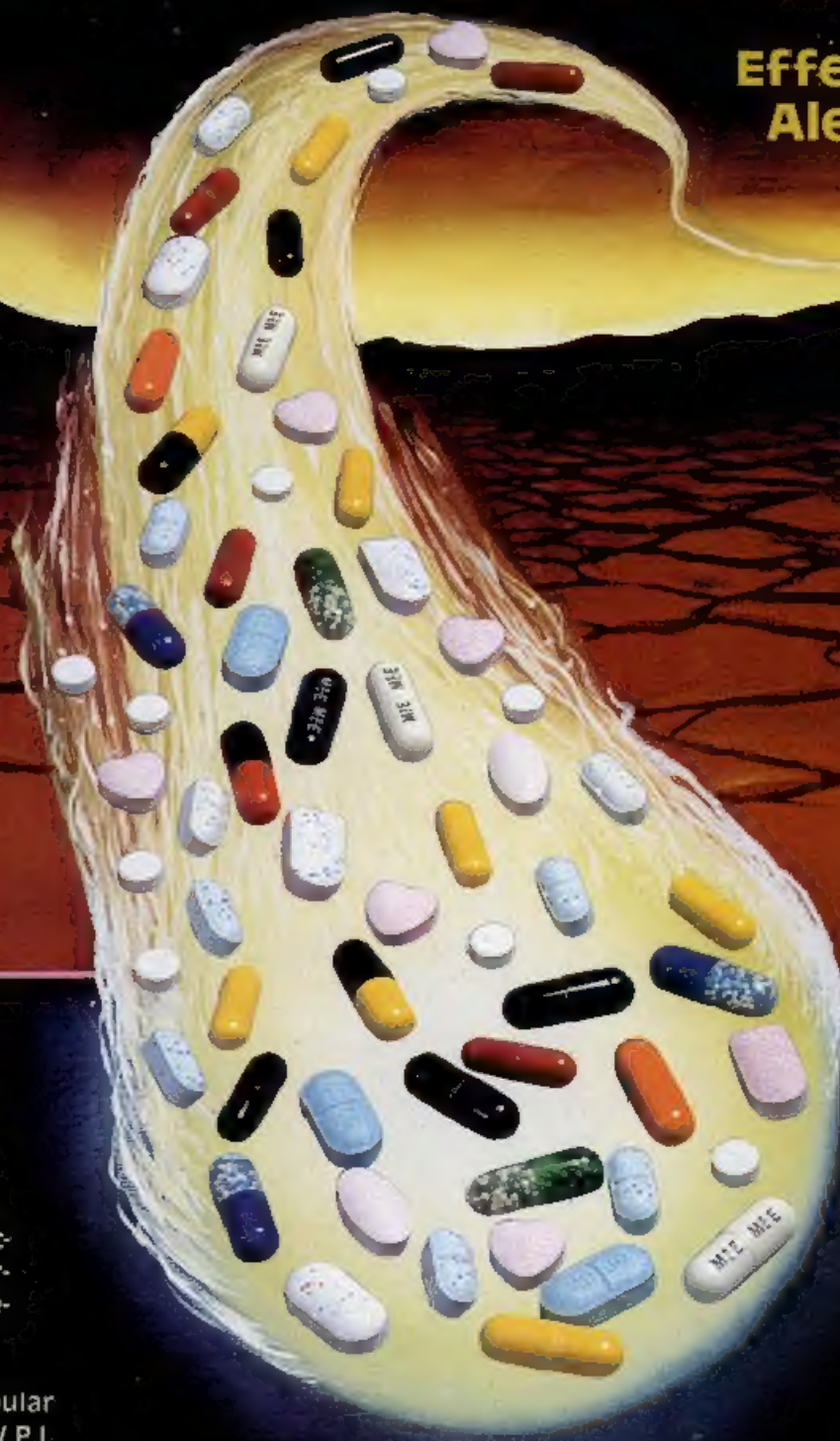
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